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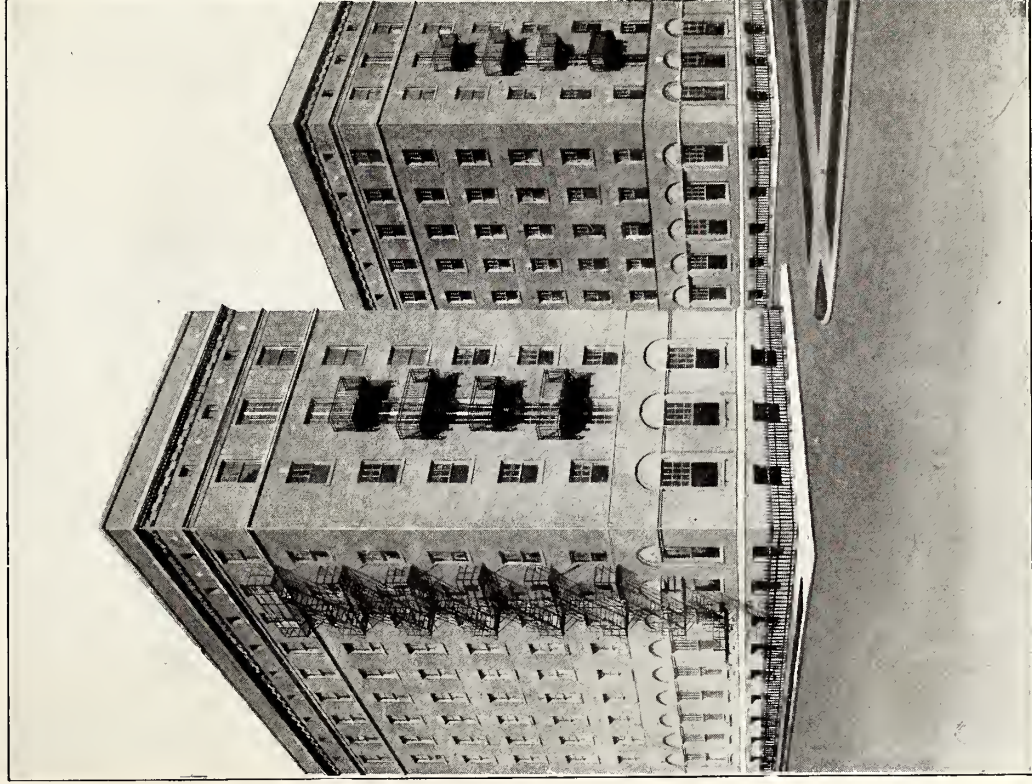
**To Miss M. Helena McMillan**

Our Beloved Principal

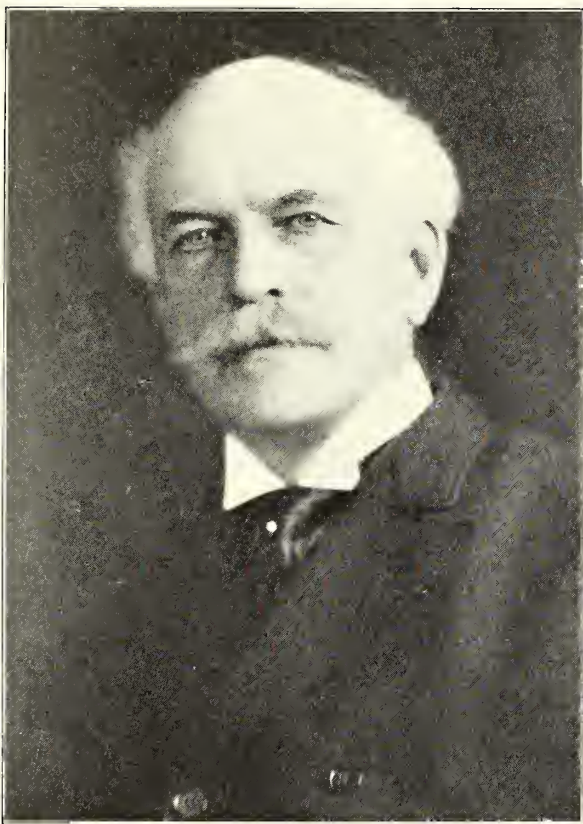
We, the Graduating Class of 1920, dedicate  
this, the first volume of our School Annual



MISS M. HELENA McMILLAN  
Superintendent of the Presbyterian Nurses' School



THE SPRAGUE HOME FOR NURSES



MR. ALBERT M. DAY  
President of the Presbyterian Hospital and School for Nurses



MR. ASA BACON  
Superintendent of the Presbyterian Hospital

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## The History of the School for Nurses

THE following is an extract from the Presbyterian Hospital Bulletin of January, 1920, in which a very masterful History of the Presbyterian Hospital and the Nurses' School has been written up by Mrs. David W. Graham:

"Mrs. Hamill had more than one great interest in her hospital work. The establishment of a Nurses' School had long been desired, but the added financial burden had caused delay. The \$40,000.00 necessary for the provision of a suitable home for the nurses was secured, and two houses at the northwest corner of Ashland Avenue and Congress Street were bought. To start this important work the hospital was most fortunate in securing the services of Miss M. Helena McMillan as Principal. Miss McMillan, a graduate of the Illinois Training School for Nurses, brought with her seven years of experience in hospitals at Kingston, Ontario, and Lakeside Hospital, Cleveland, and after seventeen years with us, we are abundantly able to confirm the judgment of the Board of Managers in their choice.

"Mrs. Hamill early concerned herself with the development of this school, establishing a committee in the Ladies' Aid, of which she was the chairman, with Mrs. Joseph Matteson as an enthusiastic assistant. Together they arranged the graduating school pin. The new building, the Sprague Home for Nurses, so long needed, was not erected until 1913, and then, through the generosity of the friends of Mr. O. S. A. Sprague, who wished to do him honor, their gift of \$100,000.00 was the nucleus which made the building possible. Later the remaining \$250,000.00 was contributed by the estate of Mr. Albert A. Sprague, the mortgage of \$110,000.00 being lifted by the bequest of Mrs. A. A.

Sprague, who died in 1915. Thus stands this beautiful and satisfactory building, a memorial to the two brothers, as the tablets at the entrance tell us. Then, as we enter, on either side of the elevator are seen the tablets to the memory of the two women who gave so much of themselves for others, Mrs. Hamill and Mrs. Matteson, who died in 1908.

"Neither of the two women who first showed such interest in the nurses lived to see the new home, but their deeds inspired others to like service. The Training School Committee continues with Miss Helen V. Drake as chairman. Her supervision over the needs of the student body makes possible the addition of many a comfort and luxury not otherwise obtainable. To Mrs. Holmes Forsyth is delegated the care of the missionary students and assignment of scholarships; to Mrs. Carl Pfanstiehl, the Y. W. C. A. League, while the other members of the committee, Mrs. Ernest E. Irons, Mrs. William Derby and Mrs. Sidney Starbuck, give valuable aid.

"A principal with national renown, its comfortable home, its high standard, its eight-hour schedule maintained from the first, its homey atmosphere under the watchful eye of Miss Russell, and Miss Aylward, who provides the fuel for strenuous activity; its freedom of action within proper limits, the standing of its graduates, our school has acquired a national reputation. Yet more remains to be done. Other scholarships should be founded for post-graduate work, fitting for special forms of public health service, and, above all, an endowment fund should be started that not only the goal already reached shall be maintained, but that provision be made to meet future demands as they are presented."



MRS. DAVID W. GRAHAM  
Retiring President  
Representative of the Woman's Auxiliary Board





MRS. PERKINS B. BASS  
President in 1920  
Representative of the Woman's Auxiliary Board



MISS MAE RUSSELL  
First Assistant Superintendent



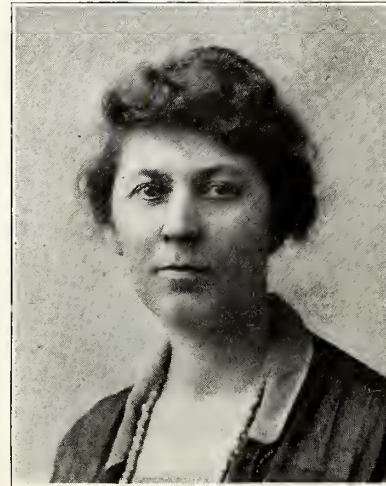
MISS HARRIETT FORREST  
Second Assistant Superintendent



MISS ALICE SNOW  
Third Assistant Superintendent



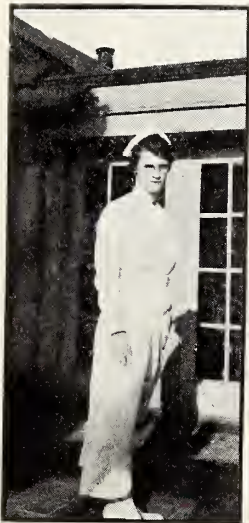
MISS MARY CUTLER  
School Nurse

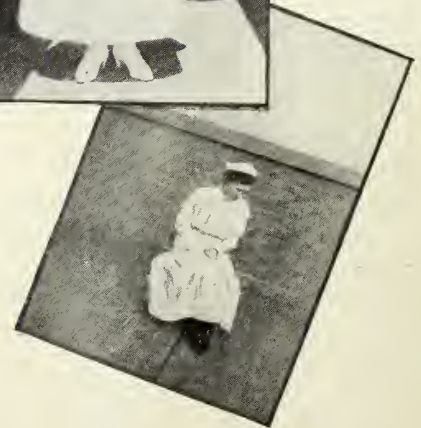


MISS EMMA AYLWARD  
School Matron











DR. WALTER S. HAINES, A. M., M. D.



DR. JAMES GILL, M. D.



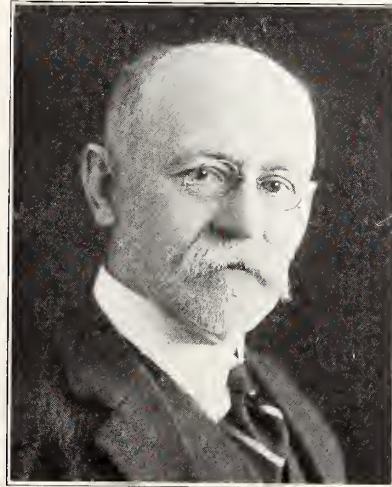
DR. B. W. SIPPY, M. D.



DR. PETER BASSOE, M. D.



DR. WILBER POST, M. D.



DR. JAMES HERRICK, A. M., M. D.



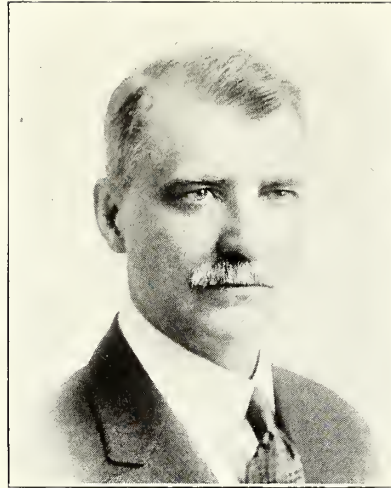
DR. OLIVER ORMSBY, M. D.



DR. THOR ROTHSTEIN, M. D.



DR. ERNEST IRONS, M. D., Ph. D.



DR. A. F. SIPPY, M. D.



DR. CLIFFORD GRUELLEE, A.M., M. D., LL. D.



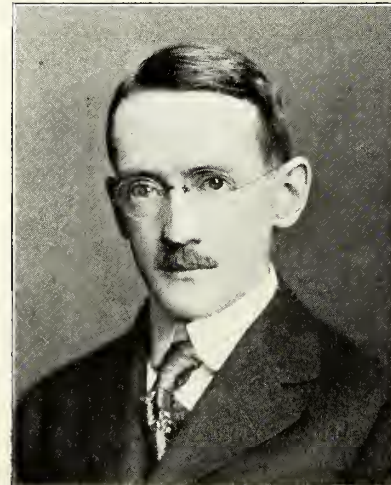
DR. KARL KOESSLER, M. D.



DR. WALTER HOFFMAN, M. D.



DR. WM. SANSUM, M. D.

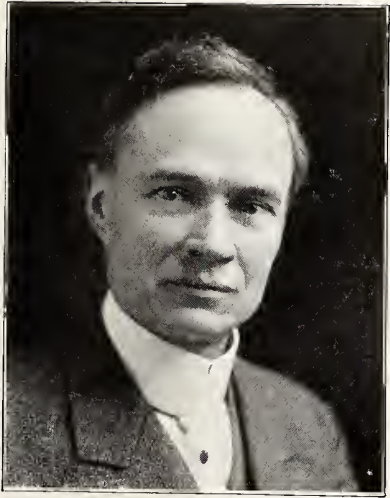


DR. RALPH BROWN, M. D.



DR. GEO. COLEMAN, M. D.





DR. CHARLES A. PARKER, M. D.



DR. BIRD M. LINNELL, A. B., M. D.



DR. FRANCES HAINES, M. D.



DR. ISABELLA HERB, M. D.



DR. DONALD ABBOTT, M. D.



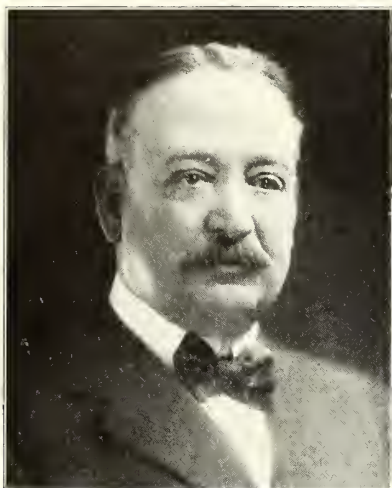
DR. WILBUR TIEKEN, M. D.



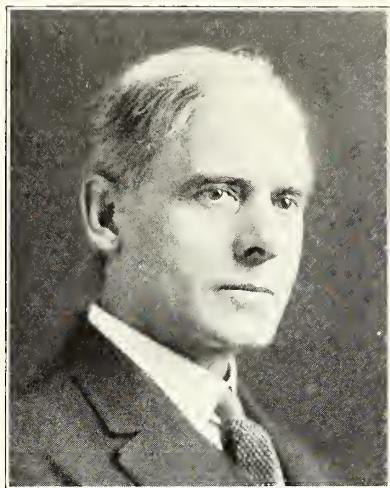
DR. HOMER K. NICOLL, M. D.



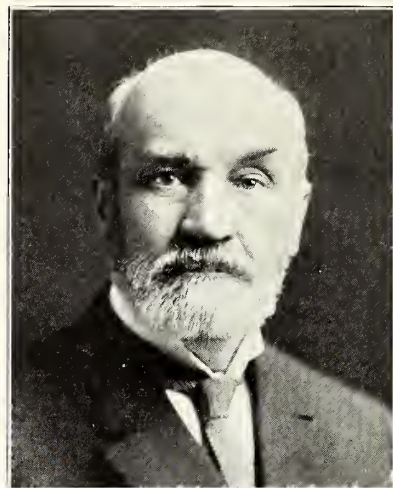
DR. BURRELL RAULSTON, M. D.



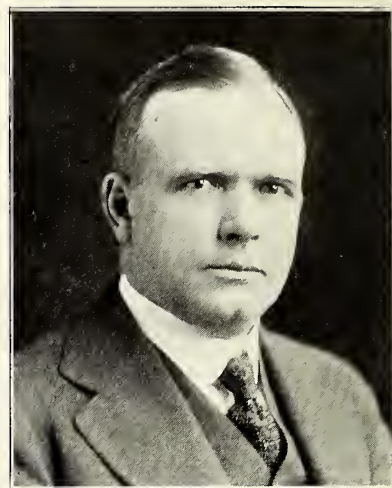
DR. ARTHUR BEVAN, M. D.



DR. JOHN C. WEBSTER, M. D.



DR. DAVID GRAHAM, A. M., M. D.



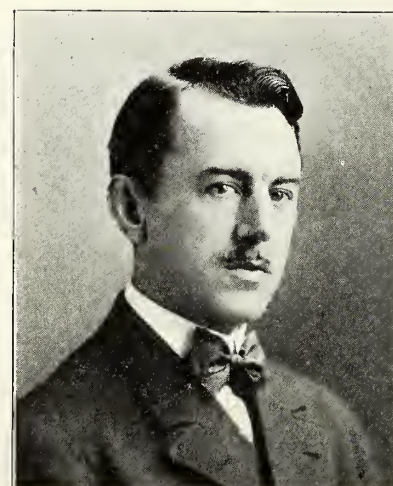
DR. DEAN LEWIS, A. B., M. D.



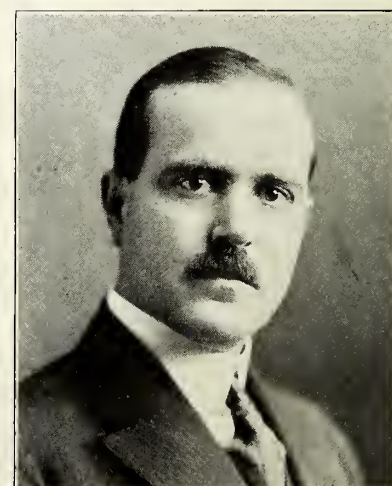
DR. C. B. DAVIS, S. B., M. D.



DR. FREDERICK MOORHEAD,  
M. D., D. D. S.



DR. NOBLE HEANEY, M. D.



DR. DALLAS PHEISTER, M. D.



DR. GEO. SHAMBAUGH, Ph. D., M. D.



DR. HENRY EVERETT, M. D.



DR. STANTON FRIEDBERG, M. D.



DR. EDWARD MCGINNIS, M. D.



DR. GOLDER McWHORTER, M. D., Ph. D.



DR. EDWIN MILLER, M. D.



DR. BLANK GATEWOOD, M. D.



DR. HERMAN KRETSCHMER, M. D.



DR. VERNON DAVID, M. D.



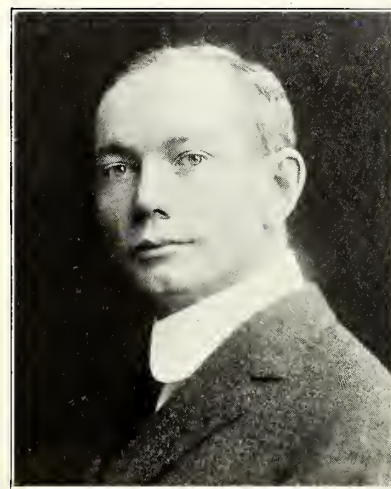
DR. WM. HEWITT, M. D.



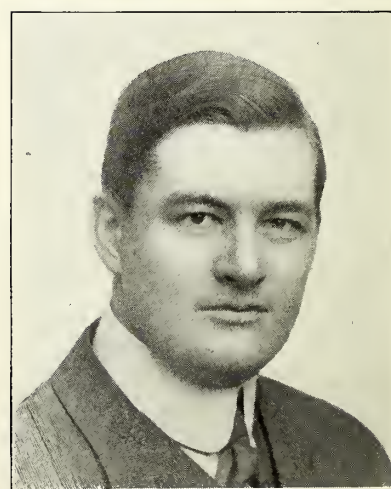
DR. LINN McBRIDE, A. B., M. D.



DR. ROBT. HERBST, M. D.



DR. GEORGE DICK, M. D.



DR. CHAS. BACON, M. D.



### Recipe for Making a Good Nurse

“Mix together equal parts of pluck, good health, and well-balanced sympathy stiffen with energy and soften with the milk of human kindness. Use a first-class training school as a mixer. Add the sweetness of a smile, a little ginger and generous amounts of tact, humor and unselfishness, with plenty of patience. Pour into the mold of womanhood, time with enthusiasm, finish with a cap, and garnish with ambition.

“The sauce of experience is always an improvement to this recipe, which, if followed closely, should be very successful and exceedingly popular.”



BELLE BENEDICT



ZELLA MAE COOPER



JULIA FLAATHEN



M. ANNA FLEMING



FLORENCE FORMAN



HELEN GELTENBORT



EDNA HOLZMAN



MARGARET KERSTEN



MYRA KNICKERBOCKER



SUE E. LAIBE



FLORENCE McKINNON



ESTHER MILBRANT



LULA TOWNSEND



ANN TRUDGIAN



HANNAH MADISON



RUTH WESTERMANN



GLADYS HALL



EVELYN NELSON



HELEN CREED

## Class Roll Call

FLEMING, Anna, "Annie".....Portland, Ind.  
 "My cotton."  
 TOWNSEND, Lula, "Tommy".....  
 .....North Vernon, Ind.  
 "Well, at any rate I don't agree with you."  
 BENEDICT, Belle, "Bell".....Waupaca, Wis.  
 "May I ask a question about nursing?"  
 HALL, Gladys, "Glad".....Shell Rock, Ia.  
 "Really and truly, girls, I can't fix it any  
 better."  
 FLAATHEN, Julia, "Judy".....Waukon, Ia.  
 "How did you all like my dancing partner?"  
 MILBRANT, Esther, "Essie".....Evansville, Wis.  
 "It's dangerous to be safe."  
 SCHWARTZ, Tess, "Tessie".....Bessemer, Mich.  
 "Holy Gee!"

GELTENBORT, Helen, "Marcella".....  
 .....LaPorte, Ind.  
 "When I graduate, Papa and Mama and Aunt  
 Laura and Uncle Fred, etc."  
 CREED, Helen, "Creddie"....South Bend, Ind.  
 "Yes, we've decided on September 29th."  
 HOLZMAN, Edna, "Teddy"....Grant Park, Ill.  
 "I'm going to get another luncheon set."  
 DAVIS, Ruth, "Ruthie".....Moline, Ill.  
 "Who wants to play five hundred?"  
 WHITNELL, Minna, "Min".....Tarkio, Mo.  
 "I've been checking up all morning."  
 MOORE, Marian, "Meryn".....Benton, Ill.  
 "Now, remember, no tops on your sandwiches  
 tonight."

POPE, Jane, "Duckie".....Lincoln, Neb.  
 "I shouldn't be surrounded."  
 FORMAN, Florence, "Fluff".....India  
 "It would be dreadfully interesting to follow  
 this case and see, etc."  
 McKINNON, Florence, "Flo"....Winnipeg, Can.  
 "Wouldn't you?"  
 COOPER, Zella, "Zella Mae"....Baraboo, Wis.  
 "I can't be bothered."  
 TRUDGIAN, Anna, "Trudgie"....Waterloo, Ia.  
 "Just as soon as I go to the Philippines, etc."  
 WESTERMAN, Ruth, "Westy"....Quincy, Ill.  
 "I should worry."  
 KERSTEN, Ruth, "Mugs"....Hartford, Wis.  
 "Believe me, I gave him a dirty look."

DUNLAP, Grace, "Gracie".....  
 .....Port Washington, Wis.  
 "Oh, yes, I think so, too."  
 SMITH, Blanche, "Smithie"....Ida Grove, Ia.  
 "I just told her so, too."  
 LAIBE, Sue, "Petey Dink"....Pandora, Ohio  
 "Well, girls, I'll tell you; it's just like this."  
 MADISON, Hannah, "Hanner"....Sioux City, Ia.  
 "Girls, wouldn't you like to buy a ticket for  
 the swimming pool and dance hall?"  
 KNICKERBOCKER, Myra, "Nicky".....  
 .....Elroy, Wis.  
 "Well, they would never do it for me."  
 AYER, Cora, "Coyer".....Oxford, Neb  
 "Oh, I don't know anything; I'm just get-  
 ting by."



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## Toast to Senior "A" Class

Here's to Zella Cooper—the industrious maid—  
Always working too hard we are afraid;  
But one in love must never shirk,  
For a wedding day means lots of work.

Here's to Esther Milbrant—the Pres. of her class.  
She is jolly, a good sport and a "Bonnie Lass,"  
Conscientious, ambitious and always alert;  
In all she does and says she is most expert.

Here's to Grace Dunlap—graceful and tall—  
In poise and dignity she is the best of all.  
A more attractive nurse I ne'er have seen,  
For in uniform she is a queen.

Here's to Marion Moore—with many a beau—  
Noted for her humor and always looks "just so."  
On duty a nurse—and a good one, too—  
We shall miss her sadly when she gets through.

Here's to Jane Pope—so clever and bright—  
Always good natured, even when shoes are too tight.  
Then borrow, she must, a much larger size—  
Comfort first, and in this Jane is wise.

Here's to Edna Holzman—a-la-Vogue in dress.  
Is she artistic?—well, I guess.  
In "Love" and in "Duty" she has chosen the right bait,  
With which she has caught the proper fish of good "Waite."

Here's to Sue Laibe—a nurse of good sense—  
Always decided—never on the fence.  
She is always as clever as she can be;  
In wit and humor a second B. L. T.

Here's to Evelyn Nelson—so meek and mild—  
Always quiet, gentle and never wild.  
Full of fun and jolly, too;  
Always optimistic—never blue.

Here's to Ann Trudgian—the clown of the class.  
She is "A No. 1" in her work, so will pass.  
As for a joke, she's right there and ne'er outdone—  
Optimistic from early morn until set of sun.

Here's to Florence Forman—so good and true—  
There is nothing for you she would not do.  
Her thought of others is extremely rare—  
A beautiful character and one so fair.

Here's to Tess Schwartz—so skilled in the surgical line—  
Everything she does is exceedingly fine.  
Quiet and unassuming all through life,  
She will surely make some man a very good wife.

Here's to Margaret Kersten—so sweet and fair—  
The Priscilla nurse with golden hair;  
Very industrious and a good nurse, too,  
Always trying to find one more thing to do.

*(Continued on next page)*

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## Toast to Senior "A" Class—Continued

Here's to Helen Creed—so original and jolly—  
She's always agreeable and cares not for folly.  
She is conscientious in her work and free in her fun;  
Everything she does is very well done.

Here's to Miss Knickerbocker—so quiet and tame.  
Her friends all tell her she is to blame  
For things she never thinks to do,  
Yet she will be the goat until she's through.

Here's to Margaret Whitnell and Ruth Davis fair.  
They are always together, so make a good pair—  
The former so dark, graceful and sweet;  
The latter so trim, dainty and neat.

Here's to Blanche Smith and Hannah Madison—so short—  
They are both good scouts of a very good sort.  
Blanche never gets mad, though angry at times;  
Hannah, a friend in need, always spends her dimes.

Here's to Julia Flaathen and Gladys Hall—  
Julia is short and Gladys is tall.  
Julia is quiet and of calm repose,  
While Gladys is gay and fond of clothes.

Here's to Ann Fleming and Ruth Westerman gay—  
Ruth is with us in spirit, although miles away.  
Ann is clever, keen and wise;  
Ruth not so tall—but of value in size.

Here's to Belle Benedict—with pretty red hair—  
She is certainly a worker, and always so square.  
Nothing bothers her on "Duty" from morn until night,  
And she serves for her class as "The Red Beacon Light."

Here's to Cora Ayer—a friend and a foe—  
Brilliant, good looking and not at all slow;  
Sarcastic in manner as the day is long,  
But always the same until something goes wrong.

Here's to Helen Geltenbort—she loves to be alone  
That she may phone "Mamma" in a gentle tone.  
You see, she gets homesick for the loved ones away,  
So phones Daddy and mother with tears in her eyes each day.

Here's to Lula Townsend and Florence McKinnon tall—  
Lula so quiet and seen not at all;  
Florence, the attractive Canadian nurse,  
Always makes things better instead of worse.



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## Uncle Eben's First Day in the Ward

“WAL,” said Uncle Eben one evening in early summer, “I’d bin laid up all winter with a turrible rheumatiz an’ me an’ Hannah ’lowed that when the roads wuz a mite better I wuz to go to the city to see one of them big guns at the Hospital.

“When I got there the man in the uffus sed I could hev my choice of goin’ either in a big ward or a small ward. Right there I let him know I’d made up my mind to be comf’table and hev the best, so I sez, ‘I’ll hev the big ward regardless of the cost. No small ward fer me.’ The offusser, I guess you’d call him since he wuz in the offus, smiled an’ saw right away I was a up-to-date man, an’ shrood. He sed if Hannah ’lowed to stay we could hev a sweet of rooms, I guess so we might do light housekeepin’, but she wun’t figgerin’ on stayin’.

“Sam, thet ward wuz sum big. Bigger’n my hull new cow barn, an’ the beds all settin’ white an’ straight agin the walls.

“Soon cum long a good lookin’ nuss, all starched in a white cap an’ apern with a few things hung on her arm. She sets up a screen round my bed. Not these here screens, but white canvas fixin’s on poles so’s you couldn’t see thru ’em. She sed, reel nice an’ chipper, I was to take a bath an’ stay in bed. Thet wuz wun time I wuz insulted an’ let her know it. I sed, real hotly, I knowed I’d traveled consid’able distance, but it wuz only Chuesday an’ I’d tuk my bath last Sat’d day night, reg’lar. She smiled an’ sed it wuz the rooles of the institooshun, an’ then I wuz to put on ‘this.’ ‘This’ I ’lowed wuz the coat to an old perjama suit, only they wuz missin’. I didn’t make no fuss cuz I knowed how busy wimmen

folks be an’ mebbe they’d been mislaid er sumthin’. But I saw right off twan’t goin’ to be the thing fer my rheumaticks.

“Long cum a young guy in a white coat suit like my bed jacket. He mus’ a hed turrible weak eyes jedgin’ by the siz of the specs he wore. Yes, sur, reg’lar goggles with big black frames. He wuz awful nice, tho, an’ I felt reel sorry for him. I hed a min’ to speak to him ’bout my perjammas, but I wan’t layin’ to make trubble.

“He shuck han’s an’ sez, ‘Mr. Painter?’ ‘Thet’s me,’ I sez. He wanted to know where I lived an’ my hull career. Then he sed, ‘Mr. Painter, what’s your present complaint?’ I riz up in bed angry, an’ sed, ‘Who sed I hed a complaint to make? This is ez fine a institooshun ez I ever hope to be in. Furthermore, I didn’t cum here to make trubble for no one by complainin’ fust thing. I cum to hev my rheumatiz cured up.’ He wuz reel nice, tho, an’ smiled an’ I cud see he wuz sorry to git me all riled up. He wrote ever’ wunce awhile and sed he wuz writin’ my hist’ry an’ I felt reel proud to think my name wuz goin’ down thru the ages to cum. I wuz glad I’d stood fer my rights. It pays to let ’em know you ain’t so green. He wanted to know all about my wife an’ children an’ if they wuz well. He tuk an awful intrist in us. He asked me if anyone tuk my temperachure an’ I quick reached under my piller an’ felt my watch an’ pocketbook an’ sed that nuthin’ bin takin’ yet an’ I’d hed my eyes peeled for slickers. He saw right away I wuz used to the sitty. Then he sed, patient-like, with a twinkle in his eye—he sure hed twinklish eyes fer such weak wuns—‘Hev ye any fever?’ I told him

Lor' no, not with what I hed on. I wuz more likely to hev a chill. He asked me if I was a drinkin' man and I told him no, but I smoked consid'able an' showed him my pipe. Thet guy wuz a inturn. They wuz a young feller worked round the ward consid'able. Wore a big white apern. They sure is addicted to wearin' white there. He wuz a orderly an' kep' order in the ward.

"They only gave me a little soup an' sech fer supper cuz my rheumatiz wuz reel bad. I tuk the bowl an' drunk it in slow

while it wuz hot. I cud see by the smiles on the nusses' faces they wuz glad I enjoyed it.

"Thet night I 'lowed to smoke a bit before sleepin', so I lit up. Soon cum a nuss an' sed, cross like, 'You can't smoke in here.' 'Why?' sez I, calm. 'It's agin the rooles,' she sed. I sed sumthin' under my breth about the rooles an' put up my pipe. My feelin's wuz hurt, but I wan't layin' to make trubble an' wuz awful careful whut I did an' sed on account of it goin' down in hist'ry."

## The Rabing

Once upon a midnight dreary, under ether, weak and weary,  
To an operating table grim my senseless hulk they bore;  
Suddenly there came a ripping, as of one with scissors snipping,  
Scissors gently, swiftly snipping up my stomach floor;  
"Doctor Beard, and maybe more."

Aye, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,  
And each instrument and weapon thirsted for my ruby gore;  
Then so closely did they shave me, and with antiseptic lave me,  
And the blackest pills they gave me, till I raved depraved, and swore;  
By the lift they slowly raised me to the operating floor,  
Shoved me in, and closed the door!

Then they cut and gouged and hashed me, and they carved and chopped and slashed me,

Till they found it, tore it from me, my appendix, Lost Lenore.  
"Doctor," yelled I, "Pritha tell me," to this cry my fears impelled me;  
"Tell me truly, doctor, tell me, tell me truly, I implore,  
"Can't I have appendicitis as I did in days of yore?"  
Quoth the doctors, "Nevermore."

Ah, appendix, thou has left me, and thy absence has bereft me,  
But thy painful pangs I'll feel again, Oh, never, nevermore;  
But perhaps when life has fled me, and the angel host has led me  
Up to join the heavenly chorus on the shining, shimmering shore,  
Then perhaps again I'll find thee, and once more to me I'll bind thee,  
To the spot which thou departed and I'll leave thee never—more.  
Fair appendix—Lost Lenore—

Instructor—"What do you know about cells?"  
Nurse—"Not very much, Doctor, I've only been in two."

Jane Pope (to clerk at Wilson's)—"Is Mr. Wilson in?"  
Clerk—"No, he's just gone out for lunch."  
Jane—"Will he be in after lunch?"  
Clerk—"No, that's what he went out for."

We wonder why Phil Miller has an affinity for Helen Geltenbort.

#### HERE—A WHIFF—A

In the City of Chicago,  
Near the waters of Lake Michigan—  
In the building called the Pullman—  
Is the Russian Tea Room.  
Here repair the female smokers,  
Here repair the male tea drinkers,  
And the older generation frown and murmur,  
"Bolshevicks! Bohemians!"

Dr. Brerton—"Do you feel these lumps—enlarged glands—  
Miss Dunlap?"

Grace D.—"Y-e-s, S-i-r."

Dr. B.—"Good for you. It's more than I can feel."

"I wonder what was said over at the Sr. 'A' table. Look at  
Myra K. blush."

Julia Flaathen (while home on a vacation)—"Why, listen  
here, the whole city of Chicago is sick."

Mrs. Flaathen—"You don't mean it? Who told you?"

Julia—"Why, look here, Chicago, Ill."

#### IN ANATOMY CLASS

Dr. Miller—"Give the foetal circulation."  
Mary Hutt—"Why, it starts in the feet."

"Lend me a collar—I've none to wear. I can't wear a low  
one, for my neck is bare. The high one covers my mole in  
back, so let me wear it and clear the track." Exit—Grace down  
the corridor.

Life's three mysteries—Wine, Women and Hash.

#### THINGS WE HAVE SEEN IN ORDER BOOKS

Dr. Shelly—Hypodermoclysis per rectum.  
Dr. Friedell—Belladonna ointment per os.  
Dr. Farnum—Hot dressings to lab. q. 3 hrs.  
Same Author—Physical exam reveals a female.  
Interne (giving orders)—"Put this patient up in Fowler's  
solution at once."

#### THINGS WE HAVE SEEN IN NURSES' RECORDS

Ruth Westerman (in charting for infants in the nursery)—  
Alc. back rub. Made comf. for noc. Has been up in wh. ch.  
for ½ hr.

K. Miller—Exterior exam by Dr. Culbertson.

Sue Laibe—Babe app. circumcized by Rabbi.

K. Miller—Pt. vomited sanguinous emesis due to pt. having  
eaten tomatoes for supper.

Unknown Authors—

Babe to bust q. 3 hrs.

A. M. Spec. to labor.

MOST ANY SUNDAY  
NIGHT

TIME: TWO MINUTES  
TILL TEN O'CLOCK.

PLACE: IN FRONT OF  
THE NURSES HOME.



HARMA 19

## Class Will

COUNTY OF COOK }  
STATE OF ILLINOIS } ss.

We, the Senior "A" division of the graduating class of 1920, A. D., of Pres. Hosp. Nurses' School, City of Chicago, County of Cook, State of Illinois, Country of America, surrounded by Cuba on the southeast, Philippines on the southwest, where prohibition reigns not, Mexico directly south, with their human, bull and rooster fights, and good old Canada to the north to shelter us from all north wind that doth blow, being of sound mind and memory and noble, brave and true of character, do hereby, make, publish and declare this to be our last will and testament.

First—We order and direct that our graduating expenses be paid as soon as shall be convenient after we have received our sheepskins and jewelry; also, we request that when from this world we have flown that our bodies, with the lilies in our hands, be disposed of well; funeral not to exceed \$30.00 in cost and the undertaker to have "Reverence is our keynote" as his motto, and we further ask that those of us desiring to be hung on hooks in Rush be so disposed of.

Secondly—We desire and order that our respect for older nurses, our promptness on duty, at classes and in never overstaying late leaves, be carried out by our successors, the classes below us.

To the Brown girls (excuse me, "Nurses") we give the benefit of things we have heard told our predecessors and strictly followed by us, in that the cap should be worn on the alabaster brow, not on the axis cylinder, the bands on aprons are  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches, so perchance your fond and doting mothers, in the hopes

of seeing you look nice, made then 3 inches instead, it would be wise to practice the art of turning them in to the required width in the presence of "White" nurses. Now a few things that please the "Heads." Always wear either white or one black and one white stocking with your uniform, always at least 12 inches from the ground, and be sure your bibs cross at the scapula, never at the waist line. Never by any means think of having apron and dress the same length, the tier effect is far more attractive. Another important thing is to "chin" with all internes, if you know them or know them not, all the same.

Thirdly—And touching worldly estate wherewith we were blessed, naturally or acquired, in these our past most well-spent three years, we give, desire and dispose of the same in the following manner:

Cora Ayer—Bequeaths her straight footedness.  
Belle Benedict—Slenderness of figure.  
Helen Creed—Knowledge of law and war.  
Zella Cooper—Bashfulness.  
Ruth Davis—My "Go to . . ." attitude.  
Grace Dunlap—My retiring nature.  
Julia Flaathen—My courage.  
Ann Fleming—Promptness at class.  
Florence Forman—My "flip" ways.  
Helen Geltenbort—Love of "Papa" and "Mama."  
Gladys Hall—My curls and complexion.  
Myra Knickerbocker—Sleepiness.



Margaret Kersten—Letting everyone walk over me.  
 Sue Laibe—Interest in “Flo Dear.”  
 Hannah Madison—My secretiveness.  
 Esther Milbrant—Non-interest in men.  
 Florence McKinnon—Tactfulness.  
 Marian Moore—Permanent wave.  
 Jane Pope—Detachable red hair.  
 Blanche Smith—Class spirit.  
 Tess Schwartz—Pep.  
 Lula Townsend—Pessimistic ideas.  
 Ruth Westerman—My giggle.  
 Minna Whitnell—Prefers to take everything with her.

Fourthly—We hereby authorize and empower our herinafter named executors to sell and convey in fee simple absolute all the remainder of our estate proceeds to our beloved “Heads” and instructors and their heirs forever and forever, share and share alike.

And lastly, we do hereby name, nominate, constitute and appoint Attorneys Cohen & Flannigan of Chicago, Ill., to be the executors of this, our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills we have made.

In witness thereof, we do set our hands hereunto and seal the 1st day of April, 1920, Year of our Lord.

(Signed) SENIOR “A” CLASS OF P. H. N. S.  
 Per A. M. Trudgian, Scribe.

Witnesses to Attestation:

- 1.....
- 2.....

Drawn by Cohen & Flannigan,  
 Attorneys for testator.

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## Prophecy

My dear Flo:—

Columbus, Ohio, May 12, 1926.

It has been such a long time since I last wrote you, but then these have been busy months for me—and no doubt for you, too. And such an age since we last saw each other! But I am thoroughly consoled by the fact that in August of this year I am truly planning to respond to your kind invitation to visit you in your own little home. How I would love to be there now—it makes me think of “ye olden days” again.

Esther Milbrant and I are here together—I think you knew that, did you not? O. S. U. is such a wonderful place really, and we both feel so proud to think that in a few weeks we'll be graduating again. I remember so well how some of you girls laughed when Esther and I declared our intentions of going back to school after our days at Presbyterian were past. And has our Hospital training helped us? Well, I guess. Esther is the most popular girl—she just naturally saved a poor Sophomore's life last Wednesday when he was hit by a baseball. Nothing serious (I mean quite a minor injury), but Esther changes that bandage at least three time a day since the accident. I have only slightly hinted that Edward might be a little jealous if he knew it, but she assures me that he is very broad-minded concerning such matters.

We had a note from Tess Schwartz last week. She certainly seems to be happy—has charge of one of the floors in the new Presbyterian Annex that went up the year after we finished training. I am really almost jealous of her—but then I never was meant to hold such a position, and that is why I never had courage enough to try it.

Tess told us heaps of news, too. Myra Knickerbocker sprained her wrist very badly a couple of weeks ago, so went over to the Presbyterian to have it attended to. Tess said she had the loveliest room in the house—the Gladys Foster Memorial Room. Myra, you know, has been Superintendent of Durand Hospital ever since Miss Johnson resigned.

And Hannah Madison fell dead in love with Red Cross work and is now out in Nebraska doing the most original things. I couldn't begin to tell the good she is doing for the Association, but, judging by what Tess tells us, she is certainly getting famous. I well remember how she enjoyed that course in Civics and Philanthropy during her training.

Tess said they have had several calls for nurses for the Moore Hospital, Benton, Ill. You remember there is where Marion Moore and Jane Pope went immediately after graduating. It has been ages since I last heard from Marion. I know she is busy, though, for I fancy the management of a household is not a joke—what say you? I had the funniest dream about her the other night—an awful jumble about Oolong tea and Bermuda onions.

But Jane is the most wonderful correspondent—about every second week there comes the biggest, fattest letter imaginable. She tells me that she has heaps of time to write letters, and to do other things that she really likes to do. You know she has a delightful position in the Hospital of the Scoville School for Girls. And Fifth Avenue has no terrors for her—I believe she

must know every inch of old New York by now. She often sees Helen Creed—Mrs. "Jack," you know, since September of 1920.

And this is the big surprise, I just know—Ann Fleming, Lula Townsend, Blanche Smith and Belle Benedict have turned their attentions from the field of nursing for a while. You know they all stood by the post so very faithfully through all the heavy epidemics of influenza in the last three years. Last month the four of them took charge of a western ranch. How's that for pluck? They all cannot seem to praise enough the wonderful climate and joy of living there, and say the howl of coyotes is music to their ears.

I hope you won't mind, Flo dear, if this is such an awfully rambling note, but Esther is writing a letter to Grace Dunlap and Evelyn Nelson, and she still has the same old habit she always had—namely, asking how to spell words. (But truly I'd miss it so if she didn't ask, because I never know how to spell the particular troublesome word, and it always ends in a double dive for our "Webster's Revised.")

Grace and Evelyn, you probably know, have fairly revolutionized the Surgical and Paediatrics Departments of one of the large eastern hospitals. We never dreamed, did we, that Evelyn would ever have taken such extensive interest in Paediatrics? As for Grace, she is simply in her element. How well I remember the last roof-party we had before we left dear old Presbyterian—and my most vivid recollection is of Grace's home-made "Blarneys."

Another surprise—Ann Trudgian, Ruth Westerman and Helen Geltenbort left last Tuesday for the Philippines, where they are to be employed in a new Government hospital. They

were ally happily excited when they left, Tess said, especially Helen, because she said her parents promised to come out to her new country to visit her next month. I think Ruth's cheerful disposition and Ann's perserverance will get them anywhere. Before they left, Ruth went out to Wyoming to see Margaret Kersten. They have a hospital there and say the fields of nursing and medicine are unlimited.

Gladys Hall and Julia Flaathen have the dearest little apartment out in Irving Park. I was there one afternoon while Esther and I were back in Chi. during our Spring vacation. They are both doing public health work and enjoy it immensely. Cora Ayer is a frequent caller there, too. She still has her institutional position at Washington Boulevard. Cora said she had a lovely note from Ruth Davis and Minna Whitnell, who are both doing industrial work in San Diego.

And in my last note from Edna Holzman (who was) she said the climate in Virginia is wonderful and that you write such newsy notes. Please, Flo, don't drive me to jealousy.

Zella says they do not care for Elgin any longer, so are going to Boston next Fall.

And, O Flo, I 'most forgot to tell you I had some of the most wonderful laces sent to me from India last month from—guess whom?—Florence Forman, of course. She enclosed a few snaps of the beautiful Himalayas and of her hospital, too. She certainly knows India like a book.

Now, Flo dear, it is getting rather late and Esther and I must dress for dinner—so please do not make me wait too long for your reply.

Lovingly,  
SUE ELIZABETH LAIBE.



SHIRLEY ANDREWS



CAROLYN ANGLER



OLA TERPHONE



CHARLEN JENSENIST



UNA MERRYFIELD



BESS EVERETT



ELSIE MOSER



GERALDINE DOWLING



MARY BILLMEYER



BERNICE COSPRINE



ETHEL THIBBSMAS



HELEN SCHMIDT



KATHERINE MILLER



HELEN WARNER



GRACE LORRAINE



GRACE HEIDELBAUGH



ESTHER KING



SUSAN BURNS



MARIE EMERLY



FLORENCE WOZZ



KATHERINE BENNETT



DOROTHY BIAGAS



FLORENCE WOZZ



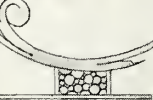
ALICE WILLEY



MARIE STOLLER



JOSEPHINE WIPES



LUCY PHISSHULL



IRENE SUMAN



MARGARET DANILOWIN



TERESA MORAN



JEANNETTE SANDER



JEANNETTE SANDER

# Presbyterian Hospital School for Nurses

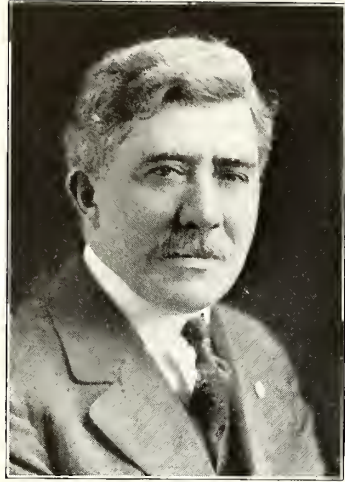
Class of 1920

Photo by Ross Studio

Kimball Hall, Chicago

FALL DIVISION

ANDREWS, Shirley.....Winnipeg, Can. "Oh, girls, isn't it just wonderful?"	EVERETT, Bess.....De Kalb, Ill. "Well, now, it's like this. We all must pull together."	PAINE, Amy.....Lake View, Ia. "You should see Georgie. He's so cute."
BAKER, Dorothy.....Kansas City, Mo. "Meeting Miss Brainard is worth three years here."	FAIRBANKS, Ethel, "Fairy".....Clarion, Ia. "Well, now, that's just what I think."	PARKER, Carolyn, "Parkey".....Aurora, Ill. "Never mind. When Carmen and I go to Alaska—"
BECK, Lavenia, "Becky".....Morning Sun, Ia. "Didn't I tell you so?"	FEE, Jeanette, "Fee, Fee".....Champaign, Ill. "Where's Miss Cromie?"	RIPLEY, Lois, "Rip".....Fontana, Wis. "Food never tasted so good to me."
BENNETT, Katharine, "K".....Monroe, Wis. "I just had a letter from my husband this morning."	HEIDLEBAUGH, Grace.....Columbus Grove, O. "I hope my pockets are plenty large."	SANDERS, Laurette, "Sandy".....Grinnell, Ia. "It's my firm conviction."
BIGELOW, Aimee, "Toots".....Momence, Ill. "Well, I'll be jiggered."	HIMES, Josephine, "Jo".....Russell, Kan. "If I get a telephone call you take the message."	STIMSON, Irene, "Stimie".....Appleton, Wis. "Come on P. D. Q."
BILLMEYER, Mary, "Bill".....Zion City, Ill. "I wish I could scrub for that case."	JERNQUIST, Carmen.....Marinette, Wis. "I can't be bothered reporting at the office."	STONE, Berdie.....Dickens, Ia. "None of that for me."
BOZARTH, Beatrice, "Bozey".....Cedar Falls, Ia. "Say, do you know, I think that's just fine?"	KING, Esther, "Etter".....Lake Forest, Ill. "Got any more juicier for me today?"	TERHUNE, Ola.....Iowa "I sink she's dus as koot as she can be."
BURGESS, Dorothy..... "Don't be in such a hurry. Wait for me."	LAWRENCE, Grace.....Powers, Mich. "No, I want to be different."	WALSH, Marietta.....Mondovi, Wis.
BURNS, Susan, "Sue".....Hinsdale, Ill. "Yes, da'ling. Thanks, heaps."	MARSHALL, Lucy.....Chicago, Ill. "O my dear! Isn't it perfectly terrible?"	WARNER, Heien.....Whitewater, Wis. "It's not Saturday night. I can't take a bath."
COSGROVE, Bernice, "Cos".....San Diego, Cal. "One of the heads told me so."	McALLISTER, Maude.....Missoula, Mont. "Where did you come from?"	WENZ, Florence, "Snoofs".....Aberdeen, S. D. "O dear, I must take my medicine again."
DONALDSON, Margaret.....Joliet, Ill. "I'm so happy. He's coming."	MERRYFIELD, Una.....Minneapolis, Kan. "I always did like her, but I thought she never liked me."	WILLIAMS, Lola.....Waukesha, Wis. "Are you paralyzed?"
DORLAND, Gwendolyn.....Dorland, Canada "Are they going to wear evening dress?"	MILLER, Katharine, "Kate".....Chicago, Ill. "Don't you want me to rub your back?"	WOLCOTT, Florence.....Joliet, Ill. "Ye gods!"
DUNWIDDIE, Mary.....Monroe, Wis. "Oh, dear me. My hay fever."	MORAN, Teresa.....Ontonogan, Mich. "O shush! That's not nice."	WILLEY, Alice.....Rochester, Wis. "I'll trade places with you."
EMERY, Maude.....New Hartford, Ia. "Now, let me see; I'll get it, for I know right where to find it."	MOSER, Elise, "Moses".....Chicago, Ill. "Please pass the H <sub>2</sub> O."	YOUNG, Carolyn, "Carrie".....Primghar, Ia. "My dear, I'm just sick about it."
		ZINN, Dorys.....Flannagan, Ill. "West 4960."



MR. GREY

## Ode to Mr. Grey

Oh! Master of Proportion,  
Hail to thee;  
What patience shown to nurses free;  
From a sense of balance and equilibrium,  
too,  
The little of which we know being due to you.

Oh! Martyr to the Sense of Balance Rare,  
We love to seek thy praise so fair.  
When the problems are solved and the tables  
learned.  
Thy fatherly blessing comes, for it is justly  
earned.

Oh! Friend of all the nurses dear,  
Thy influence is felt by those far and near;  
The lessons thou hast taught them will de-  
feat the foe  
Because of Prop.—don't you know.

Oh! Guide through all the storms of life,  
How much we enjoy the struggle and strife;  
When we feel thy hand of balance near  
Our hopes are high and we have no fear.

Oh! Inventor of Discussions Rare,  
In which each joins to her utmost share,  
Calm us down if we rave too long,  
And we shall discuss Prop. right or wrong.

Oh! Chemist of the rarest class,  
Thou hast instilled in the mind of many a  
lass  
The logic of equality in both man and wife,  
For Proportion, not variety, is the spice of  
life.

Oh! King of knowledge in the Pharmacy  
line,  
How ignorant are we until you make us  
shine  
In the study of wts., measures and Prop.,  
too,  
Which is our gain in life—thanks to you.

Oh! Hermit in thy cave of Drugs,  
Thy dwelling so neat and free from bugs,  
In which our table each day is spread,  
For crackers and milk to thy flock are fed.



MR. HUTTON

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## South Side Civics and Philanthropy Course

Our Presbyterian Hospital and Training School, of which we are all so proud, have always been not only liberal with its nurses, but also desire to give them every advantage for as broad a course as possible. Thus each individual nurse is enabled to find herself, so to speak, and decide upon that phase of work in which she is most interested and best fitted.

Because of the growing demand for Public Health Nurses, our hospital affiliated with the Chicago School of Civics and Philanthropy April 3, 1919. From two to six nurses have been sent each quarter to take the Public Health Nursing Course. The time is divided about equally between class work at the School of Civics and field work with various organizations in the city. About one month is spent with the United Charities, making investigations and doing case work. About two weeks is spent with each of the following organizations: Visiting Nurses' Association, Municipal Tuberculosis Society, Infant Welfare Society, School Nursing, Rural Nursing, Various Dispensaries, social service departments of three largest hospitals in the city. Some of our weekly inspection trips were made to Municipal Tuberculosis Sanitarium, Chicago Commons, Illinois State Hospital, Hull House, various courts, Armour Packing Company. Lectures are given on Local Government, Housing Problems and Industrial Work. Red Cross workers in various fields of nursing lectured and community problems were discussed. These are invaluable because they are the actual experiences encountered by nurses who have done the pioneer work in Public Health Nursing.

This four months' course simply gives one a bird's-eye view of the Public Health Nursing situation. By spending a short time with each organization one gains a knowledge of the workings of each and also understands more clearly the splendid cooperation carried on between them. Having this perspective, one is enabled to choose to much better advantage that phase of Public Health Work in which he is most interested.

Some of our lecturers during the past year were:

Miss Elnora Thompson—Director of Public Health Course at School of Civics and Philanthropy, formerly member of R. C. T. B. Commission to Italy. (A "Pres" Grad.)

Miss Westfall—Acting Superintendent of V. N. A., Chicago.

Miss Minnie Ahrens—Director Department of Nursing Service, Central Division, American Red Cross.

Miss Breckenridge—Dean of Women, Chicago University.

Miss Wood—Social Case Work.

Miss Wright—Case Work with Physical Handicapped.

Miss Elizabeth Fox—Director Bureau of Public Health Nursing, American Red Cross.

Miss Powerson—National Child Welfare Association.

Miss Gowdy—Rural Community and School Nursing.

Mr. Ball—Housing Reforms, Chicago Health Department.

*(Continued on next page)*

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## South Side Civics and Philanthropy Course—*Continued*

Mr. Yarros—Local Government, Chicago School of Civics and Philanthropy.

Mr. Norton—Water and Milk, Chicago University.

Grace L. Meigs Crowder, M. D.—Maternal Welfare, Children's Bureau.

Miss Harriet Fulmer—Cook County Public Health Nursing, Town and County.

Miss Kelly—School Nursing.

Miss Place—Superintendent Infant Welfare Society, Chicago.

Dr. Hoffman—Infant Feeding, Presbyterian Hospital.

Miss Carrol—Labor Problems, Chicago School of Civics and Philanthropy.

Miss McKay—T. B. from Municipal Tuberculosis Sanitarium.

Dr. Ethan A. Gray—"T. B.," Vice-President of Tuberculosis Sanitarium.

Mr. Reynolds—Illinois Children's Home and Aid Society.

Miss Markman—Visiting Housekeeping and Jewish Aid.

Dr. Jones—Chicago Health Department.

Dr. Truitt—Mental Hygiene, Chicago State Hospital.

Dr. Smith—Charitable Eye and Ear and Nose Dispensary.

Mrs. Slagle—Occupational Therapy.

Miss Neva L. Boyd—Recreation, Chicago School of Civics and Philanthropy.

Miss Vittum—Head Resident North Western Settlement Workers.

Miss Jesse Bereford—Juvenile Protective Association.

Miss Janet M. Gister—Far Western Secretary Rural Traveling Clinic.

Mr. Ransom—Social Service in Dispensaries.

Miss Walsh—Children's Memorial Hospital, Volunteer Social Service in Hospitals.

Miss Katherine M. Olmstead—Extension Secretary, Middle Western Office, N. P. H. N.

Miss Bessie A. Harris—National League for Nursing Education.



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## Ode to the Inspectors

### I

Cheer up, nurses—do not frown—  
For INSPECTORS have just come to town;  
Comb your hair—be trim and neat—  
Look your best from head to feet.

### II

Stop, look and listen—where can they be?  
They are everywhere, don't you see;  
Preparedness is the only word  
When to your floor they are suddenly lured.

### III

Every drawer, cupboard, desk and nook  
Will be inspected with a critical look;  
Questions galore are their chief delight,  
And what a relief when they're out of sight.

### VII

Farewell, INSPECTORS; wilt thou judge us fair  
When with other hospitals you compare  
Our standard, theory and practice, too;  
Come again and we shall welcome you.

### IV

What a difference in food a few INSPECTORS make;  
Since they have come we have had pie and cake,  
Salads, whipped cream and pancakes, too;  
It's a rare treat, INSPECTORS, thanks to you.

### V

May your thought of "Pres" be a favorable one,  
For our standard is high and ne'er outdone;  
Our hospital is one of international fame,  
It's up to you to protect our name.

### VI

A rank of "A" is our ambition high;  
To achieve it we shall do or die;  
Our work as you saw it was at its best;  
We now leave it to you to do the rest.

K. MILLER.

## Toast to Senior "B" Class

Here's to Shirley Andrews—dark and tall—  
Firm in her convictions, if at all;  
Conscientious in her work to the last degree,  
But a dreamer of dreams when perfectly free.

Here's to Lavinia, with a grouch and a smile;  
Nothing is right—nothing worth while;  
The argument in hand is Beck's chief delight;  
Everything is wrong—nothing is right.

Here's to Sue—with dimples sweet—  
She always looks so trim and neat;  
"Thanks heaps" for all you've done for me,  
Now for a P. M. and a good old spree.

Here's to "Bill"—so wise and true—  
Nothing seems too hard for you;  
Her work is well done throughout the day,  
As is a game of cards—when she "decides" to play.

Here's to Aimee Bigelow—so quick and firm—  
She has been with us for many a term—  
Industrious, conscientious and musical, too—  
An all around nurse, to whom credit is due.

Here's to Misses Bozarth, Burgess and Baker three,  
Who are always as busy as they can be;  
The "B's" of the class—just buzzing around—  
Working away without a sound.

Here's to K. Bennett—tall and thin—  
Wherever there's fun she'll enter in.  
Any time of day or night  
She'll drop in for food until it's out of sight.

Here's to "Cos"—the Pres. of our class—  
In all of her work she'll surely pass;  
Businesslike and firm to the "Nth" degree,  
But leave it to "Cos" to enjoy a spree.

Here's to Miss Dorland and Mary Dunwiddie—her friend—  
Many happy hours with each other they spend;  
Always happy in both work and play,  
They accomplish a great deal all in a day.

Here's to Margaret Donaldson—the nurse with a smile—  
Life to her is a joy when it spells the word "Eile."  
Although in love, she is fancy free,  
But always as happy as she can be.

Here's to Maud Emery and Grace Heidelbaugh—the pair  
A combination which is not so rare;  
For likes go by opposites all through life,  
And they remind us so much of Jack Spratt and his wife.

Here's to Bess Everett—sarcastic and fair—  
She expresses her opinion as much as she dare.  
Strong in her views—well founded and just—  
She will make things right, or kerfluie! she'll bust.

Here's to Aimee Paine—a nurse so rare—  
Is always willing to do her share.  
She would be good as a missionary in a Children's Home,  
Where she might adopt them—no more to roam.

Here's to little Fee—the tinst of all—  
She never answers without a call.  
Everything in sight is hers without delay;  
Beware! she'll snatch it without a word to say.

Here's to "Ferry"—so faithful and true—  
Who has had hard luck all the way through;  
But always ready to do her share  
For her family and home when needed there.

Here's to Carmen and "Parkie"—pals for life—  
Partners in cards through toil and strife.  
Alaska, their home, will be reached before long,  
And there they will nurse in harmony and song.

Here's to "Easter" King—a friend so true—  
There is nothing for you she would not do.  
Mature in her views, a sense of humor keen,  
A more popular nurse I ne'er have seen.

Here's to Grace Lawrence—a lucky nurse—  
Not to know her well would be a curse.  
She is attractive, sweet, and sensible, too,  
When she makes up her mind just what to do.

Here's to Teresa Moran and Lucy Marshall—so keen—  
One is quite stout and the other lean.  
Teresa enters into her work with heart and soul.  
Lucy never gives up until she reaches the goal.

Here's to Miss Merryfield and Elise Moser—so meek—  
Quiet and solitude they always do seek;  
For they are calm, thoughtful and interesting, too,  
And are perfectly happy when told what to do.

Here's to Maud McAllister and Anna Raugh—so sweet—  
They always appear so very neat.  
Whatever they do is done with a smile;  
Life to them is always very much worth while.

Here's to Irene Stimson and Aimee Paine—so tall—  
They know their "Duty" and do it all.  
They are ambitious, industrious and expert, too,  
And never stop working until they are through.

Here's to Lois Ripley and Bird Stone—  
A more industrious pair I ne'er have known—  
Up and doing from morn until night;  
Never through working until all is right.

Here's to Miss Wenz and Sandie—a noble pair—  
Always together—a friendship rare.  
Although quiet and thoughtful, as is the rumor,  
Still waters run deep with a keen sense of humor.

*(Continued on next page)*

Here's to Olga Terhune and Alice Willey—so shy—  
Nothing escapes them, for they are very sly.  
Being interested in their work, they never tire;  
Wait until they get through and they shall be for hire.

Here's to Marietta Walsh—the Puritan maid—  
Her extended vocabulary shall never fade.  
Her sweet disposition is the envy of all;  
As a nurse, may she be ready to answer her call.

Here's to Florence Wolcott—of speed limit rare—  
No matter how busy she is always right there.  
A plate of fudge, tea, a sandwich or two,  
“Ye gods!” what more could you ask her to do.

Here's to Lola Williams and Dorys Zinn—  
Their appetite is good and yet they are thin;  
Cake, pie and candy are Icabod's delight,  
While Lola indulges in fudge, especially at night.

Here's to Helen Warner—the good old scout—  
She always knows what she's about—  
Never in a hurry, always slow;  
Can't you hear her say, “I told you so”?

Here's to Caroline Young—with dimples and a smile—  
Her many dates are never worth while.  
She would much rather make fudge or enjoy a sleep,  
But to keep a “date” would make her weep.

K. MILLER.

Miss Carlson, who sat at the head of the Senior "B" table one evening at dinner, asked Miss Katherine Miller to give an after-dinner toast. Miss Miller, being much surprised at this sudden invitation to speak, calmly replied: "Caruso has a wonderful voice, but mine is better 'still'."

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### ANAESTHETIC DANCING

A good course may be had in G. S. stepping around for Dr. Herb.

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There are days that make you dizzy,  
There are days that make you swear,  
There are days that nearly drive you crazy,  
Lose your head and tear your hair.  
There are days filled full with sadness,  
There are days when you at pleasures scoff;  
But the days that fill your heart with gladness  
Are the ones we call "Days Off."

---

Patient (to nurse giving him alcohol back rub)—"Is that wooden alcohol you are using?"

Miss Helen Warner, while scrubbing for Dr. H. L. K. during a major operation, was told by Dr. K. to have ready a needle threaded with "Kangaroo Gut." Helen, not knowing there was such a thing as Kangaroo Gut in existence, replied, in her wise tone of voice and haughty manner: "We have no such thing as Kangaroo Gut, but you may have 'Monkey Gut' if you wish."

---

Oh! Shower, pour down on me  
Thy waters from eternity.  
Do not cease thy steady flow,  
For I am standing here below.

How I glory in thy H<sub>2</sub>O warm,  
For thy cleansing power is thy charm.  
May thy warm be followed by the cold,  
Which is so refreshing as of old.

Often thy waters cease to flow,  
Leaving me all wet down here below,  
Shaking and shivering—a pretty note—  
I refuse absolutely to be the goat.



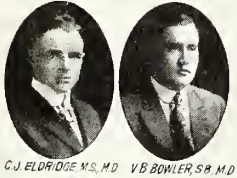
Resident Staff

# Presbyterian Hospital

Chicago

1918

1919



Photos by The Wanger Co.

37 So. Wabash Ave. Chicago

The admission on the part of some men that they are self-made relieves their parents of much embarrassing explaining.

Patient to nurse after hurried visit by "Bobby" Herbst—"What was that, nurse, did I hear something just then?"

Dr. Gatewood—"Oh! for a date with Miss Eversoll."

Patient suffering with epigastric distress, Dr. Clements called, order a 30-30 powder. Nurse said: "What's that?" Dr. Clements replied: "Darned if I know, don't you?"

Nurse—"By what method did Dr. Avery find casts and albumin in the specimen of green soap?"

Interne—"By the sink test."

Did you ever hear about the Interne that gave the patient on "B" floor an internal bath?"

Ten years from now, girls, do you think you can look "ice box butter," "ripe bananas" and "scrambled eggs" in the face?





DIRECTORS AND MEMBERS OF THE FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE CHORUS, ORCHESTRA HALL, APRIL 21, 1920





THE NURSES' PARADE

## Florence Nightingale Choral

Silence is golden, but the air is too still;  
 We need music to give us a thrill,  
 The nurses agreed—good music is rare—  
 So now there is music in the air.

A chorus was formed and a good one, too,  
 With many voices tried and true;  
 All in harmony and sweet in tone—  
 The best combination ever known.

The chorus had everything but a name—  
 An accompanist and conductor, both of  
 fame.

In good music, enthusiasm and pep we  
 never fail,  
 So have been given the title of "Florence  
 Nightingale."

Our first concert was given, not long ago,  
 In a church well filled to the last seat and  
 row.

So pleased was our audience, one and all,  
 We are invited to give a concert in Or-  
 chestra Hall.

K. MILLER.

## Alumnae Association

We all realize the benefit and importance of an Alumnae Association, so, as soon as eligible, the thing to do is to become a member of the Association and help perpetuate it.

If an active member, a resident of Chicago, each member has the opportunity of meeting her friends by attending the regular meetings, which are held the first Tuesday afternoon of every alternate month. After the business meeting there is an informal social gathering. Here friends have the opportunity to meet and discuss items of interest. Programs are arranged so that the members are able to hear the discussion of problems of interest to them.

If an inactive member, a non-resident, each member is ad-

vised, through the Hospital Bulletin, of the happenings of the Hospital and Training School.

The P. H. S. N. Alumnae Association has a list to be proud of. Many members served in this country and overseas during the World War. Many members are women now prominent in the Nursing World.

Let our Alumnae Association be the center of interest after our period of training in the same way that our Training School was the center of interest during our period of training. Our Alumnae Association is a monument to our Training School. May you be one of the firm units which forms this monument.

BERTHA BENNETT.

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### In Memoriam

Miss Gail Thompson

Miss Mary Gunther

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Instructor—"Which phase of your training have you most enjoyed, Miss Scott?"

Miss Scott—"O-o-o-o-oh, Miss . . . . . There were more MEN at the College."

Supervisor in History of Nursing Class—"What was America's first nurse?"

Ruth Horn—"Lavinia Dock."

Why is Gayle Pond like Wm. J. Bryan?  
Because she might run, but hates to do it.

While on duty M. G. was asked if she had a box of matches. Very indignantly she made reply: "Why, when do I have time to smoke?"

#### WHO'S WHO?

Who is partially to blame for the high cost of flour? Miller.  
Who has much strength? Armstrong.  
Who encourages? Hope.  
Who belongs to English royalty? Stewart.  
Who is a musician? Horn.  
Who can make wonderful gowns? Worth.  
Who is our best anaesthetist? Gasman.  
Who is "in bad" with the traffic cops? "Speed."  
Who makes good cakes? Cooke.  
Who is always popular? Mann.

Who is always a lady? Nyce.  
Who is a militarist? Kaiser.  
What covers my floor? Ma-rugg.  
"Bored?" Board.

#### EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

To have only two late leaves and about ten invitations.  
When your alarm clock does not go off at 6 a. m.  
When you sign off at 11 p. m. by your watch and the clock in the nurses' office says 10:45.  
When the 11 train is 40 minutes late.  
To be caught in the diet kitchen having "Forced Feedings."

There's a class that makes all happy,  
There's a class that makes none blue,  
There's a class that steals away the sadness,  
As the sunbeams steal away the dew;  
There's a class that's always ready,  
With a spirit tried and true,  
But the class you will never "Phase"  
Is the class of Junior "A's."

Hickory, dickory, dock,  
The d—— nurses' clock.  
The clock strikes ten  
And out go the men;  
The Lord only knows  
When they'll come again.

N. E. C.

1. Nurses who leave aspirating sets and enema tubes unwashed.
  2. Nurses who talk to internes so long and fail to see lights.
  3. Night nurses who fail to head charts and rule up temp. sheets.
  4. Head nurse who always gives P. M.'s on class days.
  5. Head nurses who forget we are not paid for overtime.
- 
1. Patients who have Sippy distress at 6:30 a. m.
  2. Pts. who always inquire about their temp.
  3. Pts. who think nurses are all legs and no brains.
  4. Pts. who forget they are one of thirty patients on the floor.
  5. Pts. who save remnants of their trays to show the doctor.
- 
1. Internes who order Ewalds and fail to appear at aspirations.
  2. Internes who give orders to pts. and not to nurses.
  3. Internes who write P. M. flushing orders at 6:55 p. m.
  4. Internes who write their orders in heiroglyphics.
  5. Poker fans who fail to answer calls.

DIRECTIONS FOR HEAVENLY NIGHT NURSE

1. Wet dust all angel's wings. Sharpen points on pin-feathers.
2. Rub up St. Peter's records—  
Totalize intake and output of sins and virtues.
3. Pull in moon and gather up stars and send to lab. to be recharged.
4. Polish the halos, dippers and golden streets c emery and ether.
5. Fill Everlasting Stream and order milk for milky way (22% only).
6. Bent halos, moth-eaten wings, broken harp strings and other damaged property to be sent to exchange each Sun. night.
7. Sort and rearrange clouds according to weather of day.
8. Manna and water Ewalds to be served not later than 7:00 a. m. and keep in mind the high aspirations of Heaven one hour later.
9. Answer the Northern Lights—unscrew all others.
10. Report
  - a. Transfer all those fallen from grace to "H" ward.
  - b. Admit all new recruits from revival meetings.
  - c. Report all hot dressings to bruised spirits.
  - d. All duties neglected by devilish day nurses to be cheerfully done and not reported.



UNIT "13"

## The Thirteenth Unit

Most of the nurses took the oath of allegiance April 2nd, left Chicago over the Pennsylvania Railroad April 3rd, destination unknown. We arrived in Lakewood, N. J., April 6th, and enjoyed a good rest there until April 26th, when we left for New York City. We were located, 106 girls, at the St. Andrews Hotel.

We went on board the Leviathan May 21st, sailed out of Hoboken the afternoon of May 22nd. The trip over was wonderful. There were three bands on board which took turns playing and we had music every afternoon and evening. The lights were out and everyone in their staterooms early. We were met by a convoy of five destroyers and an aeroplane on the morning of the 28th. We arrived in the Brest harbor at noon, had a submarine fight which most of us witnessed, and which we will never forget. Arrived in Brest, 7 p. m., May 30th, and enjoyed for the first time the beautiful sunset at 9:30. We left Brest June 6th. We occupied a few cars in the middle of a troop train, such funny cars—eight girls in a compartment. When our rations were brought they piled about a dozen long thin loaves

of bread in the rack above our heads, rolled eight cans of tomatoes, eight cans of bully beef and a few cans of jam into each compartment, put in a can of water, and we started on our way.

We lived in a Haviland china factory. Forty nurses were detached and sent to Paris the 12th of June. On the 17th fifteen were detached and sent to Saraney, and other groups were detached and sent up to the front. On July 19th we received our first patients, 540 boys, mostly stretcher cases. Then our real work began and we were happy. We took care of American boys only. We started out with 65 beds in a ward and increased the number until each bed was double-decked and close together, with cots down the aisle.

We received our orders to come home Valentine morning and were glad and sorry at the same time. Whether to sign up to stay over or to come home was a big question, and many decided each way, but we were all glad a thousand times that we were able to go.

## Unit Thirteen

Here's to Unit One and Three,  
Largest and best on land and sea.  
May its flag of service forever wave  
O'er graves of the free and the homes of the brave.

Here's to the Doctors of One and Three,  
Who have given their lives for humanity.  
In hospitals—fields—trenches all—  
May they serve in answer to the call.

Here's to the Nurses of One and Three,  
Who have given their lives to makes men free  
From suffering, toil and ceaseless care;  
May they do the good which is needed there.

Here's to the Fathers of Unit Thirteen,  
Who have left their homes for camp routine,  
That they might train for army life;  
But how sad the parting from child and wife.

Here's to the Husbands of Unit Thirteen—  
A finer lot we ne'er have seen.  
Perhaps just married, yet they go,  
For it is their duty, don't you know.

Here's to the Brothers of Unit Thirteen;  
Heroism to them is very keen.  
O for a chance to save a life  
In the world's greatest war of hate and strife.

Here's to the Lovers of Unit Thirteen—  
The handsomest lot the world has seen,  
In uniforms of tan and blue.  
Duty or Love—I must be true.

Here's to the Women of One and Three,  
All bound together in sympathy  
For the women less fortunate so far away  
Who've given their all to win the day.

Here's to the Patients of One and Three,  
Who are waiting—Oh! so patiently—  
For this Unit to start without delay  
To relieve the suffering both night and day.

Here's to the transport of Unit One and Three—  
This precious load to carry o'er the sea—  
So well guarded against torpedoes bold,  
Which are a thing of the past, so we've been told.

Here's to a safe journey, Unit Thirteen;  
May the Allies rejoice when you are seen  
Building your hospital on the fields of France  
For the dying, wounded and those in trance.

What is the cause of Unit Thirteen?  
Kaiser Wilhelm, the blackest tyrant on the screen,  
Has plunged the world into a terrible war,  
And to end it Thirteen must leave this shore.

Here's to the Principle of Unit Thirteen.  
Right is Right—wherever seen.  
Down with Prussian Autocracy—  
Up with American Democracy.

When your good work is done—Oh! Unit One and Three—  
We shall welcome you back across the sea;  
May you all be spared with life anew  
To greet us then as we welcome you.

Here's to the return of Unit One and Three;  
May God be with you on land and sea.  
Come back to us no more to roam;  
Here is Love—Peace—and best of all—your Home.

(Poem written by Miss Kathryn Miller,  
student nurse, at the time the Thirteenth  
Unit left for France.)



AN OPERATING ROOM OVERSEAS

# "Junior B Materia Medica"



MARTHA MILLS

R  
Sparkling Burgundy.  
℞ T when low.

LUCY LANGEMAK  
LAURA REED



Bella-Donna.

ESTHER HARPER



R  
Elixir of Life.  
q.s. p.r.n.

Heart Stimulants.  
Tr. Digitalis.  
Guess which is fat free.



AGNES HICKMAN  
HELEN FITCH

MARTHA GAGELMAN



Sodium Bromide  
pose.

“Junior B Materia Medica”—Continued



HELEN STARR

Phosphorus.  
Emits light in  
the dark.

JULIA LARSON  
MYRTLE MITCHELL  
RUTH BRIDGE



I. Q. S.

Our Heroin(e)  
“New and Non-  
Official.”



GERTRUDE STEKETEE

HAZEL TAYLOR



“Witch Hazel?”

Senna  
“Feminine of Senn.”

MARIE FOSTER





“Junior B Materia Medica”—Continued



EMMA MATILL

Talcum.

ELEANOR GIBSON  
LOUISE SIMMONS



Aspirin Pyramidon  
Sure pain killers.

Ethyl Khloride.



ETHEL KNAPP

FLORENCE ECKDAHL



R  
Caffeine  
when tired.

GRACE AMERPHOL



Caustic.

“Junior B Materia Medica”—Continued



LOIS CHENEY

Radium.

HAZEL TAYLOR  
MARGARET POTTS  
MARY BRICKER  
ETHEL HOLBROOK



Mistura “Fairy”  
Composita.

Oleum Olivae.



OLIVE McADOO

EDITH STEHLE



Nitrous Oxide.

JESSIE STEVENSON



Pepsin  
Lot of pep'sin her.

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## The Nurses' Christian League

Our Annual would not be complete without some space devoted to this organization, which is almost unique in nurses' training schools. Over five years ago, in the fall of 1914, many of the nurses expressed a desire to help organize a local Y. W. C. A. for the staff members, the graduate nurses and pupil nurses of this hospital. So a petition was sent to the authorities of the school requesting their sanction of this movement. At the first meeting Miss Pearson, National Y. W. C. A. secretary, presided and in her talk reminded the girls that as nurses they had a right to say they were busy, but not *too* busy to do the things they greatly desired to do. She reminded them that they should be "professional," but first of all women. It was suggested that this organization have, first, an athletic side; second, a social side, especially in making the new girls feel one of us; third, a literary side, for the tendency is to neglect our literary interests while in training; and last, but not least in importance, a spiritual side, both for our own sakes and for the sakes of the many people whom we meet in the most critical moments of our lives.

### Chicago State Hospital

At four-thirty o'clock, May 15, 1919, four Presbyterian nurses found themselves at the gate of the Chicago State Hospital after a seemingly endless ride on the surface cars.

We were greeted by Miss Meecham, Assistant Superintendent of Nurses. She gave us to understand that we had been expected some hours earlier. Our instructions had been to re-

Since our organization, the League has grown and made a real place for itself in the life of the school. Its varied meetings have appealed to all types of girls. Among those who have talked to us have been many of the busiest or best known of Chicago's citizens. Judge Bartelme, Jane Addams and Miss Bennett have told us something of what is being done to solve the problems of a big city. Reverend Charles Gilkey gave a splendid series on "Christian Fundamentals." Several doctors, returned from their work in different parts of the world, very vividly pictured the need for constructive medical work. At one of the recent meetings a review of H. G. Wells' latest book, "The Undying Fire," aroused considerable interest. Nor has the recreational and athletic side been neglected. Moonlight boat rides on Lake Michigan, picnics at the parks, Hallowe'en parties and, best of all, the Christmas parties given for the children of the neighborhood form a part of our social program.

We feel that the League has a great future and, with the co-operation of each nurse, should become an even more important factor in the life of the school.

port before dinner, which we understood to mean six o'clock, but dinner at Dunning is served at noon, so we were late.

An hour later we met Miss Sinclair, the Superintendent. We were somewhat astounded by her black uniform and flowing white veil. We found her very cordial, also very Scotch.

The ground presented a very attractive appearance to the

recent residents of the West Side, being well kept. The trees were out and with the attractive appearance of the cottage wards, the duck pond and tennis courts, with the country just beyond us, we felt we had a pleasant summer ahead of us.

The following day the six of us, there being two nurses from County, who were later than we in reporting, were assigned to duty on the two Receiving Wards, C. W. 18 and C. W. 19.

The work was very different from what we had previously done, as there was little actual nursing. We took the temperatures for three days of the new patients. These people are kept in bed for one week after admittance, rest being a regular part of their treatment. At the end of the week the patient is given his clothes and taken down to the Day room, where he spends the day. Meals are served in the dining room, and here we made ourselves useful, since many patients had to be forcibly fed.

The Day room is a large, light room, containing a piano, straight and rocking chairs and two or three lounges, which the patient soon found were for show and not for use.

With the view of making the room more homelike there are many pillows and table runners made by the patients. Growing plants help along with the delusion.

The work is all done by the patients, there being details to help in the kitchen, dining room and the dormitories. We were told that this was perfectly proper because occupation is one form of treatment.

After two months on these wards, a month each on the men's and the women's, we were all sent to the Occupational Department for a month. We spent two weeks in the Occupational Building, where we supervised one of three floors—one

week on the playground assisting the physical director and one week with one of the workers on the wards. We all enjoyed the playground best of all, I think. Any way, we all received a brilliant coat of sunburn.

Following this work we had a week on the women's epileptic ward. This was the easiest place we had, our only duties seemingly being to play cards, games and talk to the patients. They enjoyed hymns played on the very much out of tune piano, epileptics being very religious.

A week on the women's violent came next, and such a week as that was! Sheets formed the only article of apparel and much of the time this was in the discard.

These women spent an hour or so each morning and afternoon in a pack or tub. The two attendants in charge of the Hydrotherapy were graduates of the Battle Creek course and we had very good instructions from them in regard to proper procedures.

As to our home life: We lived in one wing of the Nurses' Home, the remainder being occupied by the women attendants and the state graduates who were in charge of the wards. Our rooms were pleasant and we had very good meals, nicely served, in the old Administration building. We had quite a walk from our rooms to the dining room, which we enjoyed on pleasant days, but how we did wish for our tunnel when it rained.

We had no place in which to entertain callers except the class room, but we soon learned that "company" was not encouraged, although friends from our training schools were received very cordially. We missed music also, there being no piano or victrola. We had music of a sort which drifted over from the two amusement parks across the street.

❖-----❖  
We found much amusement in the dances and moving picture shows given for the patients.

The classes were rather strenuous, several being in the evening—something very new for us. The most interesting feature was the handing in of copied notes once a week to Miss Sinclair.

We had two courses in Psychology, one with Miss Sinclair and the other with Mr. Harley of the Children's Court. Mr. Harley proved to be the star of lecturers, his pronounced sense of humor making a big hit. There were also lectures on Psychiatry by Dr. Singer, the State Alienist, Psychiatric Nursing, Hydrotherapy, Massage and Occupational Therapy.

Altogether we spent a profitable four months, but were we glad to get back to P. H. N. S.? Just ask any of the four—Lelin Townsend, Ruth Westerman, Esther Milbrant or Helen Creed.

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#### BITS OF CHARTING DONE BY SOME OF OUR CLEVEREST NURSES

Third Floor:

“Pt. up and about holding head in hands.”

Children's Ward:

“Happy during A. M.

“Crying during B. M.

“Cheerful during P. M.”

Fourth Floor:

“Pt. complains of too much air.”

A colored patient suffered considerable pain and was unable to sleep. The next morning he was asked if he had had a good night. He replied: “Yass'm, thank you, aftah ah had that anti-septic in mah ahm ah felt much bettah.”

---

A patient was suffering with severe pain in the ear. Someone inquired: “Well, what does the doctor say about it?”

Patient replied feebly: “He says I have inflammation of the Escutcheon tubes.”

---

A patient was very anxious to secure his clothes that he might go home. After several vain attempts he became somewhat angry. However, not entirely discouraged, he asked for them again. The nurse told him it was impossible for her to give them to him without a doctor's order. Almost insulted, the man said: “I guess my clothes are not diseased?”

---

Now that

Woman's suffrage is passed

Women will be

Man's equal;

But, Oh, what a

Come

down

For Women.

---

#### DEFINITION OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

What is mind? No matter.

What is matter? No mind.

---

# The Stomach's Lament

Presented by John Belderson, PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL, Chicago



The Nurse she is an awful pest,  
Can't give a guy a moment's rest;  
She always tries to get my goat  
By stuffing poison down my throat.  
If I have fever, aches or chills  
She does me with Salol pills  
And Aspirin and Ipecac  
And paints my gills with Japalac.  
The torment starts each day at five;  
She comes to see if I'm alive,  
And sticks a thermo in my face,  
That rod of glass—Carbolic taste.  
She says it's time to take your "pulse, sir,"  
And adds, "How is your stomach ulcer?"  
I answer, fine, and then she says,  
"We'll bury you in three more days,"  
Then turns her back and shakes her kicks,  
But comes again at half past six,  
And says, "Here, drink this Bismuth milk  
'Twill line your stomach just like silk."  
At seven bells she brings a tray  
And says, "Be on your milky way;  
Each hour you take, beginning now,  
Three tablespoons of 'Oil of Cow.'  
At half the hour a powder, too;  
It must be churned inside of you."  
She beats it out and home she goes,  
But others come to bring you woes.  
At eight o'clock the new ones start;  
Each plays her diabolic part.  
First in the room the "Brownie" trips  
With bag and sheets and pillow slips,  
And rolls me all around the bed  
Till I get dizzy in the head.  
She tears the covers from my back  
And gently chucks them in the sack,  
And there I lay to shake and freeze  
And get rheumatics in my knees.  
She waits until my blood gets cold

And then my form she doth enfold  
With sheets and blankets drawn so tight  
That I can't tell my left from right.  
"Lie still there you," she hoarsely hums,  
Don't bat a lash till doctor comes";  
And there I lie so meek and vexed  
And wonder what is coming next.  
At ten o'clock it's time to feed;  
A nurse brings in that cherished need,  
And solemnly she sets it down  
And casts at me a horrid frown.  
But ere she has a word to say  
I ups and grabs that festive tray;  
But then imagine my surprise—  
I hardly can believe my eyes—  
For there my hungry eyes doth greet  
A dozen grains of "cream of wheat"  
Reposing in an earthen bowl,  
Each teeny grain is icy cold.  
A sugar bowl is standing by  
To tantalize my famished eye;  
A napkin white, a spoon so bright,  
Complete this most entrancing sight.  
With gleeful voice I loudly cry,  
"I surely am a lucky guy;  
On such a meal I'll soon get fat,  
'Twould make a banquet for a gnat."  
But quicker than the eye can see  
I shove those granules into me.  
Oh! Then I have a strong desire  
To be just like an auto tire,  
For auto tires, alack, alas,  
Get fatter when you feed them gas.  
And as I lie in pleasant thought  
Another demon plays her part,  
For, on her arm a basket hung,  
She comes to carbolate my tongue.  
Again the rod she makes me bite  
And gets my pulse and Fahrenheit.

Another one brings in a broom  
And then proceeds to fill the room  
With various germs and dust and ashes,  
Which gets into my eyes and lashes,  
And when her evil work is o'er  
Another bounces in the door,  
And brings some water to my place,  
And says, "Go on and wash your face."  
I then set out with main and might  
To satisfy my appetite.  
First comes six drops of consomme,  
And then some desecrated whey.  
Some vacuum cutlets, nicely fried,  
With scalloped sunbeams on the side.  
Some fresh air salad, nice and cold,  
With oxygen en casserole.  
And then some frozen laughing gas,  
And ether vapor demi tasse,  
Completes this most delicious meal,  
Which after eating makes me feel  
As if my stomach, in despair,  
Is glad to have the ulcer there  
To keep it company all the day  
And help to pass the time away.  
The afternoon is likewise spent  
In terror, anguish and torment.  
They burn my tongue and pull my hair,  
And pinch me here and poke me there,  
And make me cry and make me scream,  
Then make me drink that hated cream.  
At four o'clock, the worst of all,  
The diet nurse comes down the hall,  
With tray in hand, so neat and trim,  
With glasses filled up to the brim  
With nectar fitted for a king,  
But nary one to me does bring.  
She only stops and glances in  
And looks at me and starts to grin,  
And then turns quiet from my door

And leaves me there to suffer more.  
And as she beats it down the hall  
My mouth feels like Niagara Fall.  
And then I fall back on my cot,  
My heart is weak, my breath is hot,  
But not a word of sympathy  
Comes out to soothe my agony.  
The more I squirm and groan and squeal  
The better satisfied they feel.  
At six o'clock she comes to me,  
And says with much solemnity,  
"If like a puppy you will beg  
Perhaps you'll get a soft boiled egg."  
Imagine such an awful shock  
To come each day at six o'clock.  
When I am sure she's on the square,  
I grip the bed and paw the air,  
And tell her on my bended knees  
I'll do whatever she decrees.  
Then, having worried me afraid,  
She gets an egg that's long since laid,  
One that was long in storage kept,  
Whose feathered mother long has slept.  
She drops it in a boiling pot,  
Then takes it out before it's hot;  
She brings it to the fainting boy,  
Who swallows it with gleeful joy.  
But just as soon as I revive  
And show some signs that I'm alive,  
Another comes to pay a call  
With powdered talc and alcohol.  
She turns me over on my bed  
And pulls my nightie o'er my head,  
Then wets her hands quite thoroughly,  
And starts to rub it into me,  
Which makes my poor back smart and ache,  
I feel my heart will surely break;  
Then leaves me there to suffer pain  
Until at nine she comes again.

Then my poor soul in anguish deep  
Resigns itself to peaceful sleep.  
But this does not conclude the day,  
For some more trouble's on the way.  
At one o'clock a man in jeans  
Awakens me from sweetest dreams.  
And then I notice in his hand  
A tray, a bottle and a pan,  
And then my heart begins to thump  
As I observe a rubber pump.  
He gently lifts me in my crib  
And round my knees he ties a bib,  
Then sticks the tube into my mouth  
And makes the d—— old thing go south.  
Then he pumps with might and main  
And brings that old egg up again.  
Then when his devilish work is o'er,  
He swiftly beats it to the door;  
My body crumbles in a heap  
And soon resigns itself to sleep.  
And peacefully I slumber on  
Until they start again at dawn.  
And thus my valued time is spent,  
And my poor heart, with sorrow bent,  
Longs for the day when I'll be right  
And I can take a full-sized bite,  
And not be battered like a rummy  
With epizoates in my stummy.  
If ever I am full of pain,  
They'll never get me here again,  
And if I'm troubled 'neath the nest  
With Epegas-tronal distress,  
At nurses I will shout defiance  
And take it up with Christian Science.

Dedicated to Dr. B. W. Sippy  
Written by Edwin Leman  
Published by John Belderson  
Presbyterian Hospital  
Chicago—Xmas 1914.





IT HAPPENED ON CHILDREN'S FLOOR

Mal to another patient—"You all see that one with the brown waist, well, she thinks she wants to be a nurse; the one with the blue skirt—she's going to be a nurse; and the one with the white dress—she is a nurse."

Nurse—"What do you keep your signal light on all the time for?"

Patient—"I didn't turn it on; I just put my gum there."

"Please, Miss McMillan, may I have an extra late leave? I have a *chance* to go to the theater."

Found on a chart written by H. E. L. on an unusually drowsy night: "A. M. Spit to lab."

Mrs. B—"I hear your mother is a patient in the hospital. What is the trouble?"

Miss A—"Oh, she is just here to have her turban fixed."

There was a young girl in brown,  
Who on blue girls did generally frown.

Her view of their work  
Was that they did shirk;  
On the brown girl all duties fell down.

This same girl then went into blue;  
Much work she found always to do.  
Of brown girls she thought  
Their duties were naught;  
'Twas the blue girl on duty who flew.

OUR DAILY ADS

Miss E. Mitchell—Shampoo Parlors, sixth floor, Jones.  
WANTED—Book on how to run the Senn Hall elevator.—  
Mary Albert.

Call Betty Mangnall for quick work in rushing patients to operating room.

"How to Tell Which Patient Is to Receive Treatment." A complete nurse's guide, just out.—Emma MacDonald.

WANTED—A reliable alarm clock.—Marion Rysdorf.

A Greek patient, upon being admitted to the Hospital, said: "I've got a *de splitz*."

Interne—"Well, come down to the dressing room and be examined."

Upon examination the interne found a hernia.

CAN YOU IMAGINE—

Anne Karr without her giggles?  
Blanche Bechtolt missing a dance?  
Helen Quast without her laugh?  
Lucy Rutledge forgetting who wrote "The Iliod"?  
Fenna Van Vessen without her pep?

HERE'S TO MISS DRAKE

Here's to a friend who is ever true.  
There is nothing for us she would not do.  
To make others happy is her kindly thought;  
Joy to the nurses she has brought.

Here's to Miss Drake—the friend of us all—  
Who has answered to our need and call  
In giving us a piano and victrola, too,  
For which beautiful gifts we now thank you.

## “Durand”

The mere mention of Durand Hospital for Contagious and Infectious Diseases to any nurse who has been there will restore memories, pleasurable and otherwise.

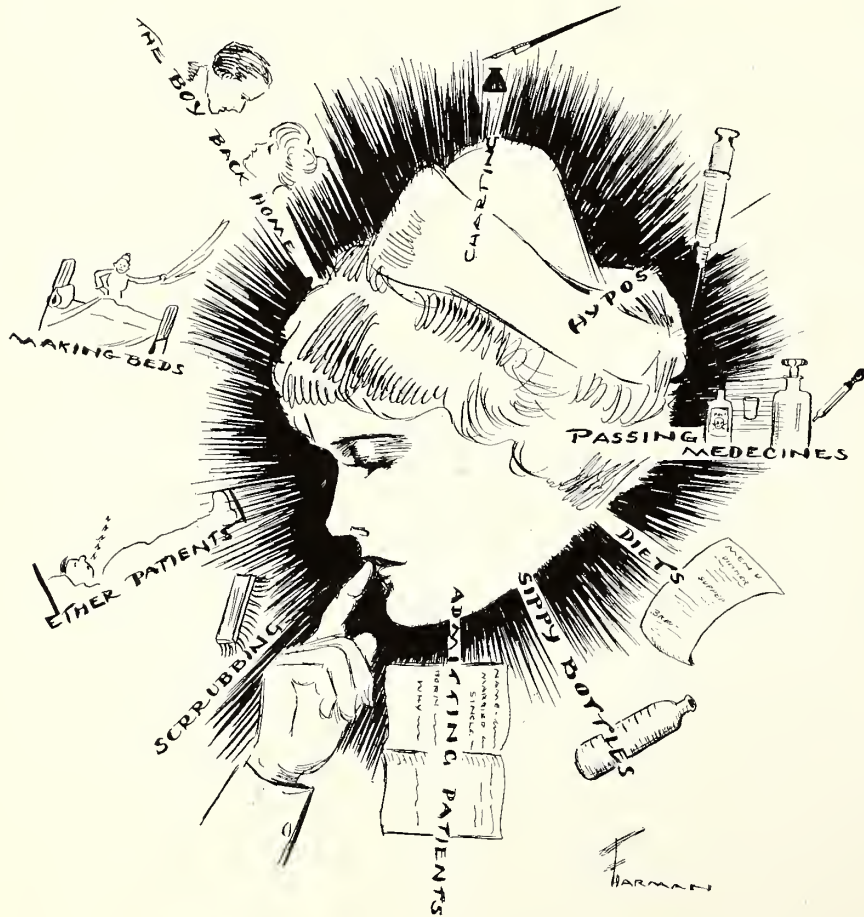
The change to a smaller hospital is interesting and enjoyable, in so far that the nurse is informed as to the condition, treatment and prognosis of each individual case in the hospital. Then, too, there is more opportunity for personal observation and acquaintance between the superintending and pupil nurses.

The capacity of Durand is sixty-four. The average number of patients is fifty, while the usual number of nurses in attendance is fifteen.

The splendid theoretical course on symptoms, technique and treatments used for the various contagious diseases is given by Dr. Weaver and Miss Charlotte Johnson, Superintendent of Nurses. Any nurse having had the course of lectures is adequately prepared to care for any communicable disease of the most virulent type.

Scarlet fever and diphtheria cases predominate. Very few cases of acute poliomyelitis or meningitis are received. Only emergencies of any other infectious or contagious diseases are admitted, thereby lowering the probabilities of cross infection.

HANNAH MADISON.



THOUGHTS OF A BROWNIE

Living in a little town is a dog's life, but I'd rather stay here and dog it out than go up to the city and turn wolf, same as some.

Did you ever know a Brownie whose "feet ache like the headache and whose head ached like she'd stood on it?"

IN ANATOMY CLASS—

Miss S.—"What are the functions of the tonsils?"

Miss T.—"Give you tonsilitis."

Question—"Name six muscles."

Answer—"Two biceps, three triceps, one pictorial."

Patient (to nurse)—"Please give me the hypo in my leg."

Nurse—"Why?"

Patient (indignantly)—"Because the pain is there."

Miss Cutler (to a new Probie class)—"What is irrigation?"

Probie—"Irrigation is artificial rain."

Probie—"Wanted—a mustard plaster to make us smart."

Dr. Webster (to probationer while doing a dressing on one of the floors)—"Get me another probe."

The nurse left the room and returned with one of her classmates.

A PRELIMINARY'S IDEA OF DISCOMFORT

(a) A collar button has fallen from the back of her collar.

(b) Coming from the kitchen—a seed has lodged between her teeth.

(c) Shoes which pinch the corn on her left foot and the bunyon on her right foot.

(d) In the midst of cleaning a large and very dirty "Duty Room" she is called to the "Office" for "Acceptance" or "Rejection."

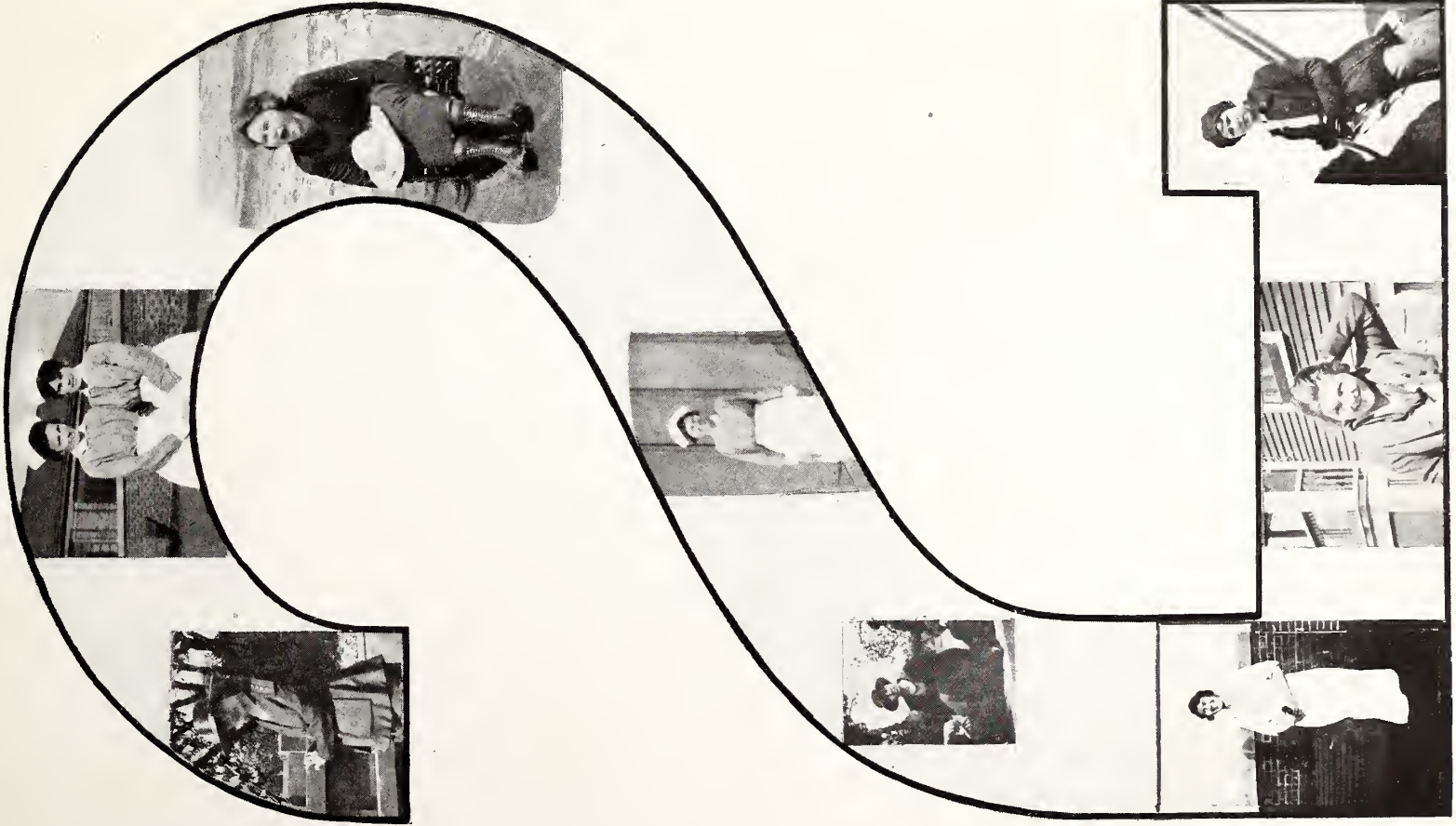
Nurses going home from work  
Look in at the college door.  
They love to catch a student's eye—  
To some 'tis just a bore.

Instructor—"Do you understand what is meant by the term C. C.?"

Student—"Yes, it means 128 cu. feet, one cord."







# HOSPITAL — TYPES

DRAWN BY  
A PATIENT

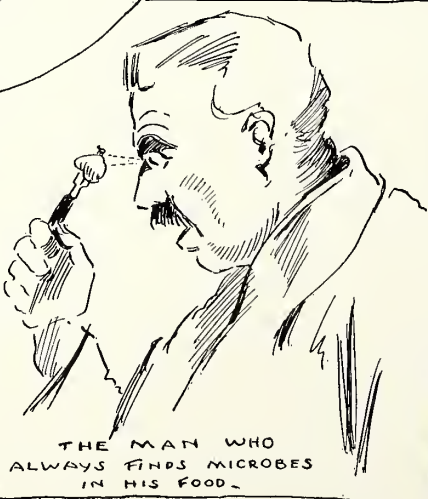


THIS IS THE  
NURSE  
WHO THROUGH  
HER PATIENCE  
LOYALTY AND  
SERVICE MAKES  
'BEING SICK' A  
PLEASURE

THE PESSIMIST  
"OI YOY!  
I GOT STOMACH  
TRUBBLES —  
AND A T'OUSAND  
UDDER TRUBBLES"



THE BIRD WHO  
WONT WASH  
HIS FACE IN THE  
MORNING



THE MAN WHO  
ALWAYS FINDS MICROBES  
IN HIS FOOD

## A Patient's Viewpoint

When you hit this Institution  
(Of it's kind the very best),  
And they come to the conclusion  
That you stay here for a rest,

You could swear just like a parrot  
About the things they make you  
eat—  
Lettuce, spinach, or a carrot,  
Baked potato without meat.

You might as well surrender,  
Give up the useless strife.  
You'll find I'm no "Pretender"  
When I say, "You're in for  
life."

But you might as well surrender,  
Give up the useless strife.  
You'll find I'm no "Pretender"  
When I say, "You're in for  
life."

They will tag you with a number,  
Like in a calaboose or jail,  
And you needn't sit and wonder  
Why you can't get out on bail.

When the Doctor and the Internes  
Have gathered round the bed,  
There's not a single thing one  
learns  
From the "minutes" they have  
read.

You might as well surrender,  
Give up the useless strife.  
You'll find I'm no "Pretender"  
When I say, "You're in for  
life."

So you might as well surrender,  
Give up the useless strife.  
You'll find I'm no "Pretender"  
When I say, "You're in for  
life."

Through the halls of the Pavilion  
Every night the Policeman  
walks;  
And if you're a wise civilian  
You'll respect the gun that talks.

The "Tin Plate Book" will get you,  
And though you loudly shout,  
You'll find no one who'll let you  
Read what it's all about—

So you might as well surrender,  
Give up the useless strife.  
You'll find I'm no "Pretender"  
When I say, "You're in for  
life."

So you might as well surrender,  
Give up the useless strife.  
You'll find I'm no "Pretender"  
When I say, "You're in for  
life."  
—Catharine Virginia Yost.

Herman  
REVISED  
11, 2, 1927

## “Adieu”

We've taken our days as we've found them,  
We've done the best that we could.  
We've worked and we've played;  
We've danced and we've slaved;  
Now the days of our life here are numbered.  
We've met folks we've liked,  
We've met those we've loved,  
And it hurts when we're made to realize  
That it's just a case, as you've oft heard me quote,  
Of “ships that pass in the night.”  
A year, ten years, and where'll we be?  
Scattered to the far ends of the earth.  
Some we'll meet and some we won't, here, there or yonder;  
But when we do, we'll gossip and chat,  
And wonder what's happened to this one or that.  
Add your drop to the bucket of news—  
Write back when you're married, when you win or lose;  
Keep us posted, don't drift—  
Friendships are precious you know.  
Write back, drop us a line now and then—let the  
Partings never be more than “Adieu.”

## Ranking for April 1, 1920

### FINISHING BY JUNE 30

Cora Lee Ayer.....Lincoln, Neb.  
 Belle Benedict.....Waupaca, Wis.  
 Zella Mae Cooper.....Baraboo, Wis.  
 Ruth Davis.....Moline, Ill.  
 Grace Dunlap.....Port Washington, Wis.  
 Julia Flaathen.....Waukon, Ia.  
 M. Anna Fleming.....Portland, Ind.  
 Florence Forman.....India  
 Helen Geltenbort.....La Porte, Ind.  
 Edna Holzman.....Grant Park, Ill.  
 Margaret Kersten.....Hartford, Wis.  
 Myra Knickerbocker.....Elroy, Wis.  
 Sue E. Laibe.....Pandora, O.  
 Florence McKinnon.....Winnipeg, Can.  
 Esther Milbrant.....Evansville, Wis.  
 Hannah Madison.....Sioux City, Ia.  
 Marion Moore.....Benton, Ill.  
 Jane Pope.....Lincoln, Neb.  
 Tess Schwartz.....Bessemer, Mich.  
 Blanche Smith.....Ida Grove, Ia.  
 Lula Townsend.....North Vernon, Ind.  
 Ann Trudgian.....Waterloo, Ia.  
 Minna Margaret Whitnell.....Tarkio, Mo.  
 Ruth Westerman.....Quincy, Ill.  
 Hannah G. Madison.....Sioux City, Ia.

### SENIOR "A's," JUNE 30 TO DECEMBER 31, 1920

Gladys Hall.....Shell Rock, Ia.  
 Helen Creed.....South Bend, Ind.  
 Amy Paine.....Lake View, Ia.  
 Ola Terhune.....Milton, Ia.  
 Maude McAllister.....Missoula, Mont.  
 Bessie Everett.....De Kalb, Ill.  
 Margaret Donaldson.....Joliet, Ill.  
 Beatrice Bozarth.....Cedar Falls, Ia.  
 Una Merryfield.....Minneapolis, Kan.  
 Florence Wenz.....Aberdeen, S. D.

Mary Dunwiddie.....Monroe, Wis.  
 Evelyn Nelson.....Rockford, Ill.  
 Grace Lawrence.....Powers, Mich.  
 Bernice Cosgrove.....San Diego, Cal.  
 Gwendolyn Dorland.....Dorland, Canada  
 Irene Stimson.....Appleton, Wis.  
 Maud Emery.....New Haven, Ia.  
 Carmen Jernquist.....Marinette, Wis.  
 Mary J. Fee.....Champaign, Ill.  
 Helen Warner.....Whitewater, Wis.  
 Elise Moser.....Chicago, Ill.  
 Katherine Bennett.....Monroe, Wis.  
 Katherine Miller.....Chicago, Ill.  
 Carolyn Parker.....Aurora, Ill.  
 Marietta Walsh.....Mondovi, Wis.  
 Shirley Andrews.....Winnipeg, Canada  
 Lucy Marshall.....Chicago, Ill.  
 Teresa Moran.....Ontonogon, Mich.  
 Mary Billmeyer.....Zion City, Ill.  
 Laurette Sanders.....Grinnell, Ia.  
 Dorothy Baker.....Kansas City, Mo.  
 Carolyn Young.....Primghar, Ia.  
 Dorys Zinn.....Flannagan, Ill.  
 Susan Burns.....Hinsdale, Ill.  
 Lola Williams.....Waukesha, Wis.  
 Ethel Fairbanks.....Clarion, Ia.  
 Lavenia Beck.....Morning Sun, Ia.  
 Esther King.....Lake Forest, Ill.  
 Alice Willey.....Rochester, Wis.  
 Lois Ripley.....Fontana, Wis.  
 Grace Heidelbaugh.....Columbus Grove, O.  
 Dorothy Burgess.....Bement, Ill.  
 Aimee Bigelow.....Momence, Ill.  
 Florence Wolcott.....Joliet, Ill.

### SENIOR "B," JUNE 30, 1921

Berdie Stone.....Dickens, Ia.  
 Anna Rauch.....Bourbon, Ind.  
 Helen G. Johnson.....Kirkwood, Ill.

Ethel B. Armstrong.....Champaign, Ill.  
 Mary C. Morley.....Galesburg, Ill.  
 Anna Reike.....Kingsley, Ia.  
 Anita Ellingson.....Wautona, Wis.  
 Alice Worth.....La Crosse, Wis.  
 Jeanette Griswold.....Lancaster, Wis.  
 Hazel E. Jones.....Kirkland, Ill.  
 Julia MacNeill.....Milwaukee, Wis.  
 Ruth A. Horn.....West Chicago, Ill.  
 Clarisse Galloway.....Fond du Lac, Wis.  
 Florence Pond.....  
 Christy Idella Render.....Winnipeg, Canada  
 N. Ruth Gasman.....Oakland, Cal.  
 Dorothy Board.....Evanston, Ill.  
 Mildred Gates.....Fort Atkinson, Wis.  
 Christine Marugg.....Monticello, Ill.  
 Janet A. Cook.....Austin, Ill.  
 Gladys Nelson.....Northfield, Minn.  
 Euella A. Davies.....  
 S. Marie Scott.....Marienette, Wis.  
 Bertha Mann.....Kankakee, Ill.  
 Doris Kerwin.....Neenah, Wis.  
 Carolyn Peterson.....Spalding, Mich.  
 Bertha Miller.....Rockford, Ill.  
 Julia Woleben.....Marengo, Ill.  
 Esther Nyce.....Peru, Ind.  
 Levinia Davidson.....Hubbill, Mich.  
 Alma Mae Stewart.....Stafford, Kan.  
 Johanna Keiser.....Chicago, Ill.  
 Gertrude Prescott.....Menominee, Mich.

### JUNIOR "A," DECEMBER 31, 1921

Jessie L. Stevenson.....Vermillion, S. D.  
 Ruth Braun.....Chicago, Ill.  
 Edith Stehle.....New Lisbon, Wis.  
 Ella M. Van Horn.....Bradegate, Ia.  
 Mildred Dalwig.....Milwaukee, Wis.  
 Florence Eckdahl.....Chicago, Ill.  
 Laura Kerr.....Rushville, Ill.



Ethel Knapp.....Evansville, Wis.  
 Dorothy Dal.....Chicago, Ill.  
 Carolyn Davis.....Chicago, Ill.  
 Adelaide Strouse.....Chicago, Ill.  
 Dorothy Rogers.....Oak Park, Ill.  
 Alta Marie Foster.....Tower Hill, Ill.  
 Agnes Hickman.....Benton, Ill.  
 Helen Jacobson.....Bishop Hill, Ill.  
 Martha Gagelman.....Great Bend, Kan.  
 Hazel Taylor.....Beaver Dam, Wis.  
 Julia Larson.....Scandia, Kan.  
 Martha Mills.....Wheaton, Ill.  
 Helen E. Fitch.....Minneapolis, Kan.  
 Myrtle Mitchell.....Eveleth, Minn.  
 Dorothy Gross.....Evanston, Ill.  
 Olive McAdoo.....Van Wert, O.  
 Florence Swindell.....Coggon, Ia.  
 Grace Amerpohl.....Janesville, Wis.  
 Mary Bricker.....Rossville, Ind.  
 Helen Starr.....Fairfield, Ia.  
 Edith Potts.....La Grange, Ill.  
 Gertrude Steketee.....Holland, Mich.  
 Emma Matill.....St. Joseph, Mo.  
 Louise Simmons.....Pontiac, Ill.  
 Laura Reed.....Warsaw, Ill.  
 Esther Harper.....Chicago, Ill.  
 Ruth Bridge.....Galesburg, Ill.  
 Mary Brown.....Colorado Springs, Colo.  
 Blanche Houghton.....Pierre, S. D.  
 Lucy Langemak.....Evansville, Wis.  
 Agnes Keegan.....Minneapolis, Minn.  
 Lois Cheney.....Barron, Wis.  
 Sarah M. Peak.....Louisville, Ky.

JUNIOR "B," JUNE 30, 1922

Helen Quast.....Missoula, Mont.

Lorraine Vickery.....Appleton, Wis.  
 Mariella Fenstermacher.....Orangeville, Ill.  
 Ruth M. Grant.....Freeport, Ill.  
 Amy MacOwen.....Yorkville, Ill.  
 Marion Rysdorf.....Sturgeon Bay, Mich.  
 Frances Luthardt.....Chicago, Ill.  
 Helen Koester.....Fort Atkinson, Wis.  
 Jennie Wise.....Winfield, Wis.  
 Elizabeth Mitchel.....Greenfield, Wis.  
 Fenna Van Vessan.....New Zealand, Mich.  
 Lucy Rutledge.....Newland, Ind.  
 Elizabeth Mangnall.....La Salle, Ill.  
 Blanche Beckolt.....Monroe, Wis.  
 Lois E. Miller.....Eveleth, Ind.  
 Emma Wallin.....Ludington, Mich.  
 Ruth Shaddle.....Area, Ill.  
 Sarah E. McDonald.....Decatur, Ill.  
 Gertrude Law.....Madison, Ind.  
 Anna Marie Karr.....Indianola, Ia.  
 Ellen C. Pehrson.....Fort Atkinson, Wis.  
 Cozetta C. Zoller.....Hoopeston, Ill.  
 Sylvia McConnell.....Lawrence, Kan.  
 Lenore Stillman.....Delavan, Ill.  
 Lois Locke.....Webb City, Mo.  
 Helen H. Frederick.....Conrad, Ia.  
 Beatrice Babel.....Naperville, Ill.  
 Ethel Holbrook.....Warsaw, Ind.  
 Mary Albert.....Columbus, Neb.

FIRST YEAR, DECEMBER 31, 1922

Esther Jongewaarde.....Orange City, Ia.  
 Retta Gasteyer.....Loup City, Neb.  
 Clara M. Alexander.....Hobart, Okla.  
 Ruth E. Hansen.....Momence, Ill.  
 Augusta Sommerfeldt.....Mayville, N. D.  
 Nina Fitman.....Bloomington, Ill.

Harriet Klein.....Sioux Center, Ia.  
 Grace Mower.....Black River Falls, Wis.  
 Mildred Lunde.....Stoughton, Wis.  
 Leila Clarke.....Wooster, O.  
 Mary Caskey.....Orchard, Neb.  
 Charlotte Scilly.....Loveland, Colo.  
 Anna Ekdahl.....Oak Park, Ill.  
 Myrtle Gadde.....Odanah, Wis.  
 Mrs. Helen W. Munson.....Chicago, Ill.  
 Martha Jongewaarde.....Orange City, Ia.  
 Hannah Scaggs.....Lovington, Ill.  
 Geda Myhre.....Frederick, Wis.  
 Ruby Massie.....Dallas City, Ill.  
 Wyllis A. Gearhart.....Hopkinton, Ia.  
 Jessie Carlson.....Julesburg, Colo.  
 Calla Mae Sherwood.....Reedsburg, Wis.  
 Ella L. Gasman.....Oakland, Cal.  
 Wilma L. Judson.....Benzonia, Mich.  
 Ruth E. Telinde.....Waupon, Mich.

PRELIMINARY CLASS, SPRING, 1923

Gwynaeth R. Porter.....Wooster, O.  
 Magnhild Widga.....Stromsberg, Neb.  
 Bethel Flood.....Crookston, Minn.  
 Lois Mangus.....North Liberty, Ind.  
 Frieda Zehr.....Washington, Ill.  
 Ellen Ekelund.....Chicago, Ill.  
 Mrs. Ford Earl.....Montevallo, Mo.  
 Mildred MacGloshan.....Beaver Dam, Wis.  
 Helen Frances Short.....White Hall, Ill.  
 Norma Jernquist.....Marinette, Wis.  
 Elinor Menacher.....Menominee, Mich.  
 Helena Fuhlbrige.....Dempster, S. D.  
 Wana Edwards.....Forsyth, Mont.  
 Virginia Meissner.....La Porte, Ind.  
 Agnes L. Link.....La Porte, Ind.

**In Memoriam**  
**Califern E. Schmidt**

**Born — November 11, 1897**

**Died — September 18, 1919**

*“Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers  
Whose loves in higher love endures,  
What souls possess themselves so pure —  
Or is there blessedness like theirs?”*

*A. L. T.*

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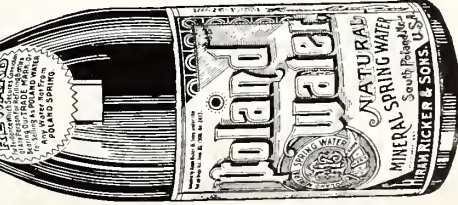
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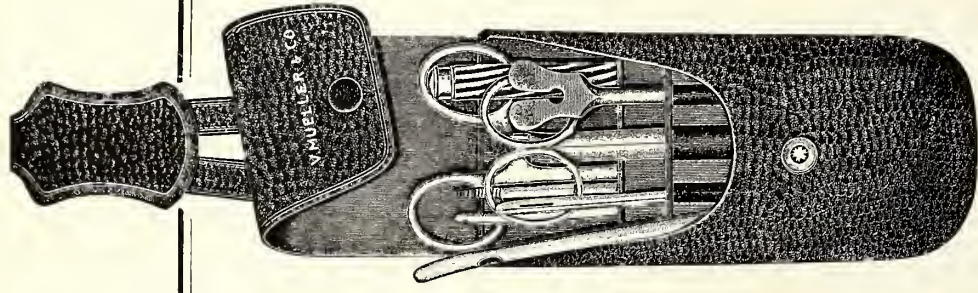
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